



*A little earnest book upon
a great old subject*

William Wilson



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A LITTLE EARNEST BOOK
UPON A GREAT OLD
SUBJECT.

With the Story of the Poet-Lover.

LONDON:

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1851.

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SUBJECT.

With the Story of the Poet-Lover.

BY WILLIAM WILSON,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE FOR SHAKSPERE," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

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270. c. 379.

"—— WHOEVER, WITH AN EARNEST SOUL,
STRIVES FOR SOME END FROM THIS LOW WORLD AFAR,
STILL UPWARD TRAVELS THOUGH HE MISS THE GOAL,
AND STRAYS BUT TOWARDS A STAR!"

Bulwer.

BY HIS KIND PERMISSION,

This Little Book is Dedicated to

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

As a very imperfect token of the most sincere

admiration for his genius, by the

gratified and obliged

AUTHOR.

March, 1851.

IF THOUGHT AND FEELING BE BUT TRUE—
BE EARNEST AND SINCERE;
GOOD ONLY CAN BE BARED TO VIEW—
GOOD FRUITS ALONE APPEAR.

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BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, ESQ.

ENGRAVED BY JAMES LEE.

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TAIL-PIECES BY KENNY MEADOWS.

PREFACE.

THIS little book is the result of a Summer holiday, (July, 1850), which may, in a measure, account for its want of consecutiveness, and its somewhat desultory character. The author trusts, that any leaven of sorrow it may be found to contain, will not be mistaken for bitterness of spirit, and hopes that the Original Poems may not be considered as blots upon its pages. He has thought and felt, and therefore he has written; and his earnestness must be his excuse for any repetitions that occur. Many of the subjects only touched upon here might make of themselves volumes.

It must be remembered that he is treating

of the thoughts and feelings of only one phase of the great human family. He is fully aware that the mental visions of men differ as entirely and variously as the actual visions of what we term the lower animals; although the spirits of men in different degrees, and by divers paths, tend to the same unphysical end.

In these chapters upon Poetry and Poets, the author has not only discussed "What is Poetry?" but has endeavoured faintly to mirror forth the poetical nature, and to lay bare the feelings and motives of Poets.

That his subject is "Great" and "Old," there can be no doubt; since it began when chaos ceased, "and light was," and its first mental monument in time (excepting the sacred and inspired writings) is the Homeric Poems.

He ventures, with especial pride, to call the

attention of his readers to the Dedication, for he considers himself honored by the permission, kindly and delicately granted, to inscribe this little book to the greatest of our living authors—for

“——Great names will hallow Song.”

He would also refer to the illustrations which he owes to the friendship of the celebrated artist, who has achieved so many successes with pen as well as pencil.

With these few words he launches his little craft from the shores of Thought, to venture its course upon the vast ocean of Time.

WILLIAM WILSON.

MARCH, 1851.

SCORN, EARNEST SOULS CAN NEVER BROOK—
THE WEAPON OF THE MAN WHO FEELS NOT;
IT EARTHWARD TURNS EACH UPWARD LOOK—
IT WOUNDS TOO OFT A HEART THAT HEALS NOT.

SATIRE, TO A YOUNG MIND BRIMMED UP
WITH THAT IT DEEMS ALL TRUTH AND BEAUTY,
IS LIKE A FROST TO EARLY FLOWERS,
AND FILLS WITH FEARS THE PATH OF DUTY.

A
LITTLE EARNEST BOOK,
ETC.

CHAPTER I.

He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul;
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll. *Tennyson.*

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE
POET AND MANKIND—PRIZE POEMS—POETICAL GENIUS
—GENIUS, A POEM—THE PATRIOT.

OUR subject should be approached with loving reverence, even for the very word—POETRY! For, rightly understood, it has been associated—from the beginning of the world to the present hour—with all that is eternal and just, true and elevating, tender and loving; with much of our intellectual joy here, and with the very existence

B

of our spiritual hope hereafter. It is GOD-written, and GOD-instilled, throughout the innumerable pages of HIS mighty and varied Book of Nature.

From the veriest childhood of those who know how to look back, Poetry is intimately interwoven with all that we cherish, respect, or revere. In short, all that is good, beautiful, or heroic, in this our world, is POETRY. The faith of mankind—through long ages of time—in an unproved heaven, is magnificent to contemplate; and is upheld by the glorious poetry of Christianity, contained in that sublime moral, which Christ preached to the world, and by the magnificence and grandeur of the Bible. GOD always utters His eternal truths in poetry throughout His Book; and the mysteries and wonders of Creation also inspire faith in the heart of man. If, then, such be the great and uni-

versal influence of the spirit of true poetry, it is but meet that we should approach our subject with loving reverence.

Poetry may be termed The Beautiful, as that is the source, or fountain, of all true and living poetry—the palpably and the ideally beautiful—the beautiful in thought and in action. All that is—or ever has been—said or achieved by man; all that is worthy of record; all the monuments of thought and action handed down to us from the dim Past—are the spirit of the Beautiful acting upon, and working in man. The Poet is ever inspired by beholding the smile of GOD in nature. He beholds GOD every-where—and feels that His glorious presence permeates creation. He can hear HIS voice on the ever-changing wind, and in the roar of the far-resounding and mighty ocean. He can feel HIS very breath upon the summer gale;

and it is HE who sings in the inspired lark ! In thousands of other sounds, filling creation with unapproachable harmony, is HE present to the Poet, who sees HIS hand in the simple and delicate wild-flower of the field; in the huge and gnarled oak of the forest; and in every variety of animate and inanimate nature. All Nature is a beautiful and wonderful poem, and the imagination to which it gives wings, is above and beyond reason.

The mightiest poem in creation is Man—each man containing, as it were, in a greater or less degree, a part of God's own spirit. The divine origin of man—even in the worst of the many wretched cases daily history records—is never entirely dead within him, however latent and hidden it may be. If we could think that it were so, all effort for that individual soul would be worse than

fruitless. Not to recognise the Divine in the Human is not to know God.

The true Poet—the being of peculiar and gifted existence—differs from the rest of mankind, in his large powers of perception, imagination, *and utterance*. The difference is often not, actually, so great in the thought itself as in the power of breathing life into that thought—it is not so great in the sentiment, as in the power of touchingly and harmoniously uttering and richly clothing that sentiment. A considerable portion of the human family are by no means deficient in their powers of appreciation; for if they possessed not thus much of a kindred nature with the poet, he could never enjoy that acknowledgment of high worth, educed by the spirit and atmosphere of true and lasting poetry. Mankind is ever, sooner or later, impelled to worship true greatness. Man

must worship; and in reverencing poetical genius, he undoubtedly worships the all-powerful Spirit, who endowed that Poet with the exquisite gifts of harmonious utterance and spiritual revelation.

The clearest evidence that culture and learning will never *make* a Poet is given by the majority of the long still-born prize *verses* manufactured to order at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere, and which remind one of Frankenstein's monster before it moved: they want the breath of life infused into them, before they can live and have their being *as poems*. If men will grind rhymes, they must expect them to be very thin and shadowy.

Study will never *make a Poet*; but the inspired soul of a great son of song is undoubtedly aided by culture and learning; for although these will never bestow upon a

man the genius to combine, invent, discover, or even apply, yet they aid and strengthen the spirit. The Poet hates task-work at all ages and periods of his existence; but it is a vulgar error to suppose that he does not labour. His work is as unceasing in its onward course as is the flight of time, and the rise of his ever-soaring spirit as certain as the ascent of sound. Ordinary imagination and taste must not be mistaken for genius, as they only constitute genius when they exist in the highest degree; and the productions of a man of cultivated taste differ as widely from those of a man of genius, as the stage moon does from the real night-lamp of Heaven in its influence upon the human mind. Gaze upon the moon, and the soul is at once assured, soothed, and elevated; gaze upon the stage-moon, and the highest feeling is an admiration—if it be good—for the

skill of the scene-painter. Culture, without genius, would never have given the world a Newton, or a Galileo ; and do you think that Homer, Socrates, and Plato did not labour? A true poet may know little; but he will think and labour much.

The heart which is highly and poetically attuned, and has been able to emancipate itself, in a measure, from the grosser thralldom of man's shackled nature, can exercise a keener perception, and bring a finer order of being into play, to investigate and expound nature. The soul so attuned, and so exalted and purified, is alone able to discern that the spirit of Poetry is ubiquitous. Such a soul feels the full power of Poetry, and knows that its purpose is to elevate, refine, and wrap in a garb of fascination, all that comes within the influence of its ennobling atmosphere, to—

“Leave that beautiful which still was so,
And make that which was not.”

How beautifully can the true Poet invest with a living and lasting grace all that receives his magic touch: from the domestic affections—from which he drags the coarse and common garb in which they are too often robed—to the deeds of the mightiest patriots and heroes: from the description of the softest pastoral scene, to the wildest mountain district. All must, however, in spite of the glowing colours—and the ineffable grace, infused by the becoming dress of imagination and fancy—with which his subjects are clothed, all must be strictly in accordance with eternal truth! For, well does the true Poet know, that those creations of the mind which are destined to reach a far time, must be true!—true in spirit, and in tone, as nothing untrue, or meretricious, can

last through all time. Such works may, for a brief day, dazzle and delude the unthoughtful and uncritical; but time tests all literary merit, surely and justly.

Poetical genius, with a generic sympathy, can analyse and interpret all things; but the largest type of its spirit is to be found in its power to *anticipate*. We do not hesitate to assert, that no man can be a truly great artist unless he be a Poet; for the *work* of the architect, the sculptor, the musician, and the painter, is merely mechanical—and what we term Art is reduced to common mechanism—unless a universal and highly toned spirit be evidenced therein. Good mechanics are common, but real artists are rare. Unless the soul that is given up to art, aspire to something beyond the mere success and applause of the day, it will assuredly fail in gaining an immortality.

Genius.

(A Fragment, from an unpublished Poem.)

OFt does an unshaped glorious thought
Rise in the ideal blest,
And like a dream for ever fade,
Ere it can be expressed ;
Just as the wave upmounted high,
With curled and foamy crest,
Sinks down again in ocean deep,
To its eternal rest.

'Tis in the soul, where Genius dwells,
Those meteor thoughts arise,
Like phosphorent light upon the wave
That rolls 'neath sunny skies :
This part of God ! this unseen Sun !
Mankind too seldom prize,
Yet does it oftentimes gild a thought
That never, never dies !

'Tis like a beacon on a hill,
By it our path we find ;
'Tis like a light upon the sea,
Past shoals by it we wind ;
It sheddeth universal light
Throughout the world of mind !
Imperishable ! it remains
For all time with mankind.

The Almighty said, "Let there be light !"
And o'er the world it shone !
He, to dispel our mental night,
Sent Genius from His throne.
'Tis undefinable as space !
(The infinite unknown)
Through it we see his power and grace
As in a mirror shewn.

The patriot and the hero, who will nobly
die for their native land, and for the cherished
hope of deathless fame, are, beyond doubt,
animated by a yearning desire to achieve *that*
life here in time which comes after, and is far
beyond mere existence. They aspire to

"Live unendingly !
In their country's festal songs."

The despot's axe may cut the fresh life
down, or chain the mortal limbs securely ;
but even in the fatal dungeon, the spirit, with
a poor rusty nail, will mark itself immortally
upon the prison wall.

CHAPTER II.

By oppression's woes and pains !
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free! *Burns.*

HISTORICAL POSITIONS—THE POET THE ADVOCATE OF
FREEDOM—TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE—A SPRING SONG
—SOLITUDE—THE MEMORIES AND FEELINGS OF CHILD-
HOOD—EXISTENCE AT TIMES ALMOST HOPELESS—TWI-
LIGHT MUSINGS WITH NATURE, A POEM—THE POET'S
GREATEST LOVE.

OFTEN, when reading the records of the past, or the chronicles of our own suggestive and eventful times, we have fancied, that the great historical positions, of which ancient and modern days alike present us with examples, are curiously worthy of careful consideration. We can fancy, that in such moments the spirit must receive into itself, a sustaining foretaste of the glorious immortality

which it is nobly earning ; and which, with the human influence and importance of the cause in which it is embarked, acts upon it as an upholding power. If the great spirit—and a spirit to be great must be poetical—is once entirely convinced of the justice and right of a cause, death ceases to have, from that instant, an aspect of terror, and becomes a glorious transition.

The true Poet, is ever the advocate of Freedom; he is ranged on the side of those who aspire after the greatest amount of liberty. He who enjoys such perfect freedom of soul, knows well how to estimate the blessings of national freedom.

Many in old Rome and Greece—Shakspeare and Milton,¹ and Byron and Shelley in our own time—in fact, all great men with free

¹ Milton was the most powerful and liberal political writer of his day; and so liberal, as to be liberal *even now*.

and pure souls, are seekers after civil and religious liberty. They base their politics upon eternal principles, as the ancients did upon the conceived spirit of their gods.

Of old did they exclaim—

“The mighty gods are just—
The power of those who lust
To crush the guiltless and the free, they crumble in the dust.”

The level of the intellect of a nation, is ever decided by its degree of liberty.

It must be evident to all gentle souls why the true poet, loving nature as he does, can rarely take kindly to a town-life. Nature’s “gentle instillings,” and her tranquil philosophy, are exalting and purifying; and to use the words of Lamartine—“God is never so visible or so perceptible as amidst nature.” Therefore Nature, the mother of Fancy—calming, thought-inducing nature—is strongly endeared to the true Poet, by every thing

that can attract and hold his love and veneration.

On the contrary, town-life, where man's debasing and miserable passions are most strongly evident, is lowering and hardening in its tone, and the callous hearts of town-living, and town-bred men, are too often shut up to any thing approaching a large sympathy and loving-kindness. The busy strife amongst large communities, and "the ways of the world," are most uncongenial to a sensitive and imaginative temperament. Add to this, that vice and misery are uncurtained and present to the view, and thus torturing the spirit. In an atmosphere so dense and impure, the heart is ever aching, and the spirit seems bowed down and doubly shackled.

The poet often delights in the *contemplation* of a magnificent city, because the arts and sciences find their field of action there. He

admires Art, but then he *loves* Nature, and Love will always triumph over admiration with the Poet. We do not mean to say, that he cannot love Art; but the love is different in character and degree. Painting is an art sincerely loved by poets. Nature elevates more than Art, for that which is direct from the hand of God, bears upon it the evident stamp of His work; and, moreover, Nature is higher Art than Art itself.

The evident, and hourly seen misery in all large communities, renders it quite impossible for the poet to enjoy any approach to even our poor earthly substitute for "that peace which passeth all understanding." Poets are the least steadily happy of all men, because, forming the most feeling and thoughtful portion of mankind.

"The poet's not a common soul,
With common care and joy;
All tyranny and wrong around,
His happiness destroy."

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The great fetid city commands not love. The narrow, choked, and noisy streets, with their unvarying and bounded view, present little else to the tired sight, but what poor Hood so well termed—

“An endless meal of brick.”

All this hangs like a heavy chain upon the spirit, and holds it down to earth. The fresh, and lovely country is the poet's proper sphere; and there, a distant spectator of man's social and political battles, should he repose—and pour forth, from the pure and welling fountain of his soul, undying and melodious song—songs that shall cheer the faint-hearted, the weary, and the hopeless, and soothe the melancholy and woe-tried spirit; songs that shall act as a salutary check upon those who might and would—but for the influence of such song—sink and be lost for

ever; songs, the inspired notes of which, shall, in fulfilling the true mission of the poet, draw man towards his GOD!

How many thousands of toilers in this unrivalled city, our London (when they feel, on each returning season, the genial and hope-awakening rays of the first bright Spring sun glide into their dark abodes), long to taste the country air and wish ardently as we have done in the following—

Spring Song.

Longeth my heart
From town to part.
And to hie where the soft breath of spring ever
dwelleth:
Where the merry birds sing
Their glad hymn to the spring,
And the loud babbling voice of the brooks ever
swelleth;
Thoughts, fly away
(Bodiless souls),
Country and town life,
How wide are your goals!

How loveth my eye on the bright sun to rest,
When grandly he sinketh down, down in the West!
How loveth my eye to range wide o'er the scene,
Hill, dale, water, wood, waving corn, and field green,
Or to read some loved book, by some old favorite tree
 So fly away, thoughts
 (Bodiless souls),
Revel deep in the dreams fancy weaveth for ye!

Far from man's haunts,
His idle vaunts,
And his heartlessness, coldness, and scorn, my
 thoughts flee
To some still shady nook,
' Neath a tree, by a brook,
Midst the pure peaceful pleasures that spring God
 from thee!
Thoughts, fly away
(Bodiless souls),
Country and town life,
How wide are your goals!
How loveth my eye to watch buds on their stems,
Till bounteous nature with flowers the earth gems!
How loveth my eye to watch all life germ forth,
For creeping or flying, all, all have their worth!



A SPRING SONG.

"Or to read some loved book, by some old favorite tree.

* * *

To some still shady nook,

'Neath a tree, by a brook.

Wish the pure peaceful pleasures that spring, God, from thee!"

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to seek solitude the



Oh, the glad, peaceful spring-time most hope brings
to me :

So fly away, thoughts
(Bodiless souls),

Revel deep in the dreams fancy weaveth for ye !

Nature in her woods and fields, and by her flowing streams, is ever teaching the poet great lessons of wisdom and philosophy for him to translate to man. The Passions, too, are better studied apart from their positive action.

The true Poet-heart finds this glorious world filled with a double beauty, hidden from the common sense, because he walks about amidst nature with an intent spirit, and views existence aright. His eloquence, is often the silent eloquence of nature, transfused and breathed into song.

The acute and quick sensibility of the poet's nature, leads him to seek solitude the

better to commune with his own soul. He finds a better response to his feelings and thoughts amidst nature than amongst men. His loneliness of heart often arises from his fear to impart his doubts and imaginings to others. It is well worth while to seek solitude occasionally, for the very sake of contemplating the mystic Universe and Existence apart from Man. The beatific influence of majestic Nature is most powerfully transfused into the spirit when we are alone! A divine and invisible atmosphere—a something felt—in nature will cause a doubt or a fear to vanish, which all the most logical works of reasoning divines, and all the most ingenious arguments of learned sophists would be alike unable to remove. Reason is often found to be but a poor substitute for that irresistible faith induced by the spirit which permeates external nature. Even in his lonely study, the Poet

can have all nature and all ages as his companions, and can transport himself to the most distant regions.

It can be no matter of surprise, that the poetical mind turns with fond recallings, and melancholy sighs, to the remembrances of that charmed period of our mortal existence which we term Childhood! What innumerable tender associations! what pure joy, and loving kindness, are mingled with that only truly happy time in our sojourn in this sad and woeful world. Who, that has left the shore of Childhood's charmed land for ever, cannot sigh forth with Moore—

“Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,

Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.”

Who that loves to linger upon the remembrance of old songs and companions, but will

keenly feel the following lines from a student-song.—

“Think oft, ye brethren;
Think of the gladness of our youthful prime,—
It cometh not again,—that golden time.”

With what exquisite, and sweetly delusive fancies, we fill in Childhood the wondrous future of our lives; colouring all things with those bright and glowing tints of early imagination which not unfrequently accompany, in the child of poetical temperament—our early and blissful ignorance of mankind. We people the future world in which we are to have our being, with the same spirits of tenderness and true friendship which guarded us along the pleasant and rosy paths of Childhood. Oh how we sigh for what we deem to be independence! And yet, how little real independence we ever reach; nor would it be well that we should. It often happens, that

the Child gives little, or no indication of the Man of a poetical nature.

It seems to prove a melancholy satisfaction to most thoughtful hearts, when Childhood and early youth have become treasured dreams of the past, to bid "the ghosts of gentler years arise," and to review, in many a subdued reverie, the glories of *those days*. How priceless, *then*, to the weary man, appears the full trustfulness, and the full hope of Youth. The large love and sympathy of the great Poet's heart is fiercely world-tried, because throughout existence battling with the world, as the potent history of the lives of these saddened beings too plainly displays. How we all long, in Childhood, to enter quickly upon what we term—and then ignorantly deem to be—

"The glorious battle of Life."

All awakening feelings in Youth, as they

are gradually revealed to us, have that exquisite relish and charm which belongs to novelty of sensation; but after the first fresh and madly-enjoyed period is past, and we begin to estimate man and his motives with some degree of correctness, then how bitter, and, *at times*, how almost hopeless is existence! As, one by one, the masks have fallen from the various phases of character we were wont ignorantly to venerate; as the clouds, which hid men's motives, have melted before the increasing flame of our "Lamp of knowledge;" how almost overwhelming, at moments, has been our agonizing disappointment. And although that mightiest revealer of thought, whom the world shall ever contemplate, has taught us, that—

" 'Tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

the struggle is sometimes hard. His large

faith, and the endless beauty of Creation, often save and sustain the Poet; and amidst such influences, his thoughts soar, eagle-winged, above the gloomy trammels of Earth. Yes, the struggle to the Poet is sometimes hard, when first, to speak strangely, he beholds the darkness of things. Think what the poet must suffer in youth, when those to whom he had given his friendship, or in whom he had placed his ample trust, prove faithless and false! Oh, what woe is there then for him! and yet, in spite of whatsoever experience the poet may be doomed to undergo, he can never be rendered individually suspicious or untrusting, as it is out of and against his nature.

One of the chief features of the Poet's great spirit is, his ever-ardent desire to do good; and nothing cheers him along the pathway of existence so much as the hope of

troubled Poet's soul is the study of the
of kindred spirits.



TWILIGHT MORNINGS WITH NATURE.

" At Sunset's busy hour,
When all is bathed in mellow golden light;
I love me then to rest—high trees my tower—
My arms across some carved old trysting stile—
Thinking alone!—while day melts into night."

being able to shed some true light about the world. The Poet is more or less ambitious, and hence comes upon his spirit much vexation. His ambition, however, is lofty and pure, and he will never allow a low motive to soil his fame if his genius be really true. True poetical genius is one of the mightiest proofs of the goodness of God.

The nature of the Poet is deeply sensitive and retiring. Possessing an unbounded love for the whole human race—that universal love, of which Christ is the great type—and a constant yearning after the happiness and spiritualization of the world. Yet we find him seeking seclusion and solitude, far away from the busy hum of men, in a quiet circle of tried and loving friends; if possible, amidst the untiring loveliness and beauty of religious nature. The sweetest Lethe for the troubled Poet's soul is the study of the works of kindred spirits.



It is delightful, when necessitated to dwell in this leviathan city, to enjoy, during the calm evenings of many a lovely summer day at one or other of the beautiful spots which surround London, some quiet—

Twilight Musings with Nature.

At Sunset's hazy hour,
When all is bathed in mellow golden light ;
I love me then to rest—high trees my bower—
My arms across some carved old trysting stile—
Thinking alone!—while day glides into night.
The Birds, with murmurous mutterings soft,
Cradle to rest aloft ;
The light air gently rocks their rustling pile.
Free spirit-contemplation *then* I find,
The holy stillness deep enwraps my mind.

A heart-unburdening power,
Doth the world-tired, and woe-worn spirit seek
In twilight's tender melancholy hour,
When Nature's symphonies are hushèd all.
'Tis meet, communing, man is thus made meek.
None see the sacred thought-induced tear
That robbeth death of fear!
Free from scorn's horrid laugh—far out of call—
Then the pure childish heart-founts ope again,
And free the aching heart from loads of pain.

Oh Childhood—joy-clad years!—
How glad and hopeful thou wert wont to be!
Thy very griefs were like dawn's dewy tears,
Quick followed by the jocund sun's warm smile.
Time then *seemed* slow—the spirit high and free,
Oft yearned—what *awful* folly—for that strife
Which endeth but with life.
With fancies, thus, thou did'st thyself beguile.
We cling to thee, in thought, unto the last,
Enchanting dreamland—now for ever past.

Soft lighted even-tide!
Thou tonest down our hopeless mournful moods,
To a sweet melancholy, cleansed of pride;
Thine influence—thine own surpassing peace.
Upon the garnered past the spirit broods.
Loved Nature's humbleness, in that still hour,
Hath a most Christ-like power,
And gives the troubled spirit priceless ease.
All is repose, in twilight's dreamy folds,
No music then awakes the sleeping wolds.
True worship is as little known as LOVE,
Or who would preach—that God *doth dwell above*?

Oft do I stay me there,
E'en when the clear-eyed moon, so calmly bright,
Floats in her high, deep Sea of azure air;
Attended by Night's myriad brilliancies.

Shadowy, and fancy-fraught is early night—

Then the dusk, giant, and fantastic trees ;

Wave plume-like in the breeze—

O'er the green turf, their gaunt reflection flies.

Sweet balm!—on the calmed soul a sacred mantle
cast,

Old loves! old friends!—how pleasant ever seems
the past.

Old loves! old friends! ah me!

Dear recollections o'er the memory glide ;

In mental visions, long ago we see.

Two drifted fragments in wide Ocean meet,

And journey a brief space, close, side by side ;

But, when the adverse waves foam-crested soar,

They part—for evermore!

So in life's voyage, how change on change doth
fleet—

Inevitable Fate!—Each mortal is thy slave,

Earth's fondest cherishings are bounded by the
grave!

For ever blessed be,

Those retrospective solemn musings there.

I hope old trees may often braid round me,

Their mossy, gnarled, and many-shapèd arms ;

And pat their small green hands in the light air.
To old memorials ever travelleth thought—
 With LOVE and HOPE inwrought—
 Sacred to early Home-endearèd charms.
In such pure moods, Religious Nature soothes the
 soul;
The eyes upturned in space, gaze towards Its longed-
 for goal.

 Ay! pat their small green hands,
Tall lusty listeners they—where stillness reigns—
 Who seem, at times, to have received commands,
 From unseen fairy softly to applaud—
(As though they knew they sprang from sore heart
 pains)—
Each sad soliloquy emotion-born.
 As dies my voice forlorn,
 They kindred-tonèd sympathy accord,
Meekly fluttering in the lulled evening air,
As though each uttered sorrow they could share.

 O Transient Heaven of thought!
Alas! too soon to fall to Earth's abyss.
 Believe no sage, who says that he has brought,
 Through Meditation, on his soul CONTENT.
Serene-eyed Seraph! Habitant of bliss!
Thou canst not ever mingle with DESIRE.

As dieth out day's fire
 Caressed by Nature, thought is inward bent.
 No feeling heart, no thoughtful soul, CONTENT on
 Earth, can ever know ;
 Only in that rich twilight time, a brief forgetfulness
 of woe.

When too long here I roam,
 At times, all lusted o'er with freshing dew,
 My moist-lipped mother-earth will warn me home.
 Then, pensive, do I drag my steps away ;
 Until dim, ghost-like, looms upon my view,
 The giant haunt of Trade-engulphèd men—
 My thought-spell breaketh then !—
 And turbid toil-cares quick regain their sway.
 Lone wanderings, far from sickening glare of busy
 strife,
 Give for a time, to loving souls, a beautiful new life.

Although the greatest love of the Poet is
 for the harmonious power of thoughtful and
 imaginative utterance, with which he is spe-
 cially blessed, yet this great love has no tinge
 of human selfishness, but is born of the deep
 and constant regard which he entertains for
 the increased well-being of mankind.

50 THE POET'S GREATEST LOVE.

Sympathy for the wronged and suffering amongst men, dwells always in the Poet's heart; and ever with a free hand will he pour out that holy stream, which has a glory more of Heaven than Earth, and which is, in its influence for good, Eternal!



CHAPTER III.

The Poet-patriot, large of heart and brain.
Filled with his own pure spirit's trusting hopes;
Through Faith!—with yearning valour ne'er in vain—
Alone!—against a nation's madness copes.

THE POET FORCED BY FEELING INTO ACTION—LAMARTINE
AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE—LANGUAGE INADEQUATE—
SHAKSPERE AN EXCEPTION—SONNET TO SHAKSPERE
—MAN THE NOBLEST STUDY—THE POET THE TRUE
PRIEST.

ON ONE occasion, or period, in human affairs exists when the Poet, abnegating self—as he can ever do—relinquishing his love of retirement, is forced by feeling into action. Then is he irresistibly impelled to act the noble Poem which he has thought. The occasion we refer to is, when the critical position of his native land demands of him that he should use that spirit in action which he has so often transfused into undying words. Then,

like high-souled Lamartine, at the Hotel de Ville, in 1848, he is ready—by the grandeur and truth of his position, and by the dauntless and earnest flood of his powerful eloquence—to overawe the dread fury of that popular sea of wild and intemperate rage and hate, and to turn its fearful tide calmly into the true direction.

That position of Lamartine's was an imposing and grandly dramatic one; and the imagination cannot detect in modern history a finer. When some far-future dramatist shall calmly look back into the past, we question whether—with the enchantment which distance ever lends to the mental vision—he shall find, in our time, a scene of more just and tragic action. It must have made a lifelong impression upon any poetic mind that may have beheld it. The tall dignified figure—the high, open spiritual brow; and

the truth-sustained eloquence, calming down the infuriate passions of that immense and half-maddened multitude. A popular man—through faith in truth—daring to quell and repress the lawless desires of some hundred thousand armed and desperate men. And all this unaided and alone! It was a devoted and prepared Spirit, rescuing the land of its birth from the impending horrors of wanton Anarchy and fruitless Bloodshed. It was a mighty triumph of Mind over Matter, and is a case of the most perfect romance of reality, produced and played out by a superior Ideality. In such positions the Human is stilled, and the Spiritual alone lives and utters. No soul, but a great Poet, can achieve such a state. The true Poet's faith and enthusiasm will lead him unscathed, in what he may deem the service of his God, through all dangers and difficulties, with an

unshaken heroism. It is a blot upon the fame of France, that it has evinced such criminal ingratitude towards Lamartine. France allowed the cherished home of the boyhood of this temporal saviour of his land—the patrimony of the patriot—to be publicly sold. Oh, unspeakable national disgrace! Shall it be said: that in France, the more the love of mankind, the less appreciation and sympathy with the possessor? How much wanton bloodshed, and inconsolable mourning was saved by the poet Lamartine, in that imminent hour of peril! His love of peace saved France in that great crisis, and caused her to respect the sacredness of Life. Our times have given late and ample proofs (as future history shall surely tell) that heroism is well alive. And remember, heroism is *acted poetry*. All true heroes must be poets, because magnanimity is poetry.

“ They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirits walk abroad.”

The Poet often finds language very inadequate. How many are the great Poet's thoughts and fancies, which he is unable to translate from their birth in the soul, into the limits and forms of language. The perpetually active indwelling spirit cannot always reveal itself in song—as the sun is often unable to struggle into light from beneath his heavy pall of clouds, so the poet is too often unable to shew the full light of his soul through the trammels of language. The deep and restless tenderness, softened by a fixed melancholy, by which the heart of the poet is often stirred, is, perhaps, to the finest intellect, often the most difficult of all mental sensations to give palpable and immediate utterance to. How

frequently, too, is the Poet unable to shape the abstract imaginings and philosophies which he has thought, and give words to the ideal truths taught to him by contemplating God's works. The more intensely we feel, the less able we are, for the time, to write in reason of our feelings. It is when we are calm again, and look back in the vain effort to revive in thought the most intense in feeling, that we know how faint a transcript of *feeling* language has the power to reveal, and reason to recall. We refer, of course, to the feelings and thoughts of a poet; because, although the poet cannot give voice at all times to his own great thoughts or deep feelings, yet the heart and mind of the generality of mankind lay open as a book to a Shakspeare or a Milton.

On passing in review what Shakspeare has written, we might almost come to the conclusion, that he was an exception to all other

men, in his singular power of forming his every thought into clear language; as he undoubtedly is an exception, in his aloneness in creating thought the highest in excellence ever known to man. Our reason for believing that language trammelled him but little is, that his highest and finest thoughts are so perfectly and simply revealed. The Universe was his vocabulary.

Shakspeare, by comparison, appears to have been free, even from the accidents of time and age. In his eternally young creations—preserving novelty and freshness through all centuries—we have in his perfect mastery over passion, a clear evincement of his still more wonderful power over, and control in the use and moulding of, language. He was not classical; but he was much higher and much more than classical, for he was earnest, sincere, and original. Homer was not more

original than Shakspeare; for he was original in every attribute of creative authorship; in thought and fancy, style and feeling. He has translated all the feelings and passions of mankind into a few dramas, and then raised those dramas above the passions and feelings, by vivifying them immortally with the highest thought, and the richest poetry. Shakspeare is the world's great case of ONENESS in authorship; and as the sun in each returning season causes the earth to become fruitful, so Shakspeare, during each age, will ever cause the mind to teem, and thus act as the Sun of Thought!

Sonnet to Shakspeare.

MIGHTY upraiser of the heart of man!

A stream of thought and fancy clear he winds,
Through feeling, gaining mastery o'er all minds ;
Guiding and ruling as no other can.

Well may we deem that thou art God inspired—

Great Nature is the plaything of thy choice,
The Beautiful speaks in thine every voice,
The light of thy great mind the Globe has fired.

Our own dear Shakspeare ! Poet of the World !

We should do all to use thee for our good,—

Spread through all lands thy wondrous mental
food,—

Whose power shall cease not 'till Time's wing be
furled.

Most comprehensive soul of any clime ;

Subjector of the Universe, and Time !

Man, as we have before observed, is the poet's noblest study; though, alas! too often not the most seductive or pleasing in its commoner aspects. Man, considered as God's grandest work, is beyond compare the largest study which the human intellect can grasp, a part of the true Poet's mission being, as it is, to rouse to generous exertion, to console in distress, and to lift the soul, from the dark abyss of despair, up into the blessed light of hope! The every-day affairs of mankind, and the aspirations of nations, alike teem with matter of contemplation and interest for the poet. Through the watching of such

concerns, can he use his power to guide or encourage. The study of man, therefore, his origin considered, is a sublime study — especially his higher passions and nobler feelings. The constant endeavours and struggles of mankind ever tend, through the aid of lyrical and dramatic poetry, to an onward, upward, and anti-sensual elevation. The prophet-priest, or poet, is the most powerful enemy of tyranny and oppression, dwell they where they may. A late writer, speaking of some of our modern poets, says,* “ Their words become, as soon as uttered, the property of the language, and the watch-word of the millions in their grand quest after liberty and knowledge.”

The Poet, to our mind, has been the true Priest, and has done much to make man tread

* Linwood.

upon the shadow of the True. The Poet is,
at once, Priest and Prophet.

“ Behold the glorious work becomes the Poet!
To scatter wide the light his soul within;
To lift his voice for TRUTH, that men may know it;
Unto the pure and good all hearts to win.”

O what a glorious and holy mission, then,
is confided to the exalted genius of the true
toiler up the steep sides of Mount Parnassus !
To guide and rule in the present, and to wing
his heavenly flight into a distant time, there
to address souls unborn, in ages yet to come !

Truth can walk triumphantly over those
seeming victors, Sin and Death; and thus it
is that Poetry, *truly thought*, hath in itself an
unconquerable power of immortality.



CHAPTER IV.

The passion of the mightiest shell
That ever rapt the choir above,
Were all too weak and cold to tell
The warm extravagance of love. *Bulwer.*

THE POET IN LOVE—"THERE'S A WORLD IN LOVE,"

A SONG.

LET us now contemplate the Poet when first in love! He loves the world doubly for that it contains love! He wanders listlessly about the meadows and woodsides when absent from her who in his eyes is like nought else he ever did behold, and whose image is "enamelled in fire."

"Then, when in listless thoughtfulness,
He strolls the meads along,
From all the woods and rivers round
Breathes out one gushing song."

Now o'er his pure spirit steals an exceeding delicacy, and he tints all things with the glowing

colours of his doubly awakened imagination. Love purifies and enlightens all, and it causes the poet to worship the being with whom he hopes to link his destiny; and he tenderly garners her up in his heart of hearts, thinking her, in his bright fancy—

“ —— Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.”

In Love is the only position in the life of the Poet in which we find him untrue, and then he is untrue only to himself. Love is often made with him a glorious and transient madness. The divine doctrine of love which he cherishes, and in which love—the sentiment so little felt or understood by the world—can at any time o’ermaster that with which it is commingled, is too often but ill responded to. How often is he doomed to disappointment! How often does he see the bright colours of his heart’s ideal picture fade one by one before

his sorrowing vision! And then...but no, we will not enter upon the story of the sad *then*.

We will, however, continue our investigation of the Poet's feelings when in love; it may almost be said with all of us, that until love first fires the heart, intelligence is scarcely fully born in the brain. All animate and inanimate things now assume, to the *eyes of his heart*, a new purpose and a higher importance. The trees, the flowers, the fresh green grass—the birds, the clouds, the stars, and the calm bright moon—all things are endowed with a sudden and strange intelligence. He talks to these inanimate companions of his wanderings. He now avoids the questioner, and soliloquises alone with soothing Nature. He is rapt in a fanciful worship, and a sacred delight. Love is the time of beating hearts, and trembling voices o'erladen with deep emotion.

Music has now a double charm; and the infinite harmonies of Nature are doubly apparent. The universal spirit of love in nature, now stealing with an increased force of conviction upon his soul, is observed much and pondered upon often. His knowledge of the beautiful becomes extended, and he feels the full force of Keats' opening line—

“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

Love awakens in the imaginative heart the highest attributes of nature, and is really our great foretaste of the hereafter upon earth; and the Poet feels the full power of the position. He feels the strength and obstacle-o'ermastering power of true love; and, with the kindred spirit of poetical Romeo, he can exclaim —

“ With Love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls:
For stony limits cannot hold Love out:
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt.”

The story of Romeo and Juliet best illustrates to the mind the overwhelming abstraction of strong and devoted love in the poetical mind. In their sad history we have a clearer realization to our intellects, of the great truth, that God is love, and love is life. In the highest phase of Love, the soul basks in the shadow of the Infinite. The trysting tree, the gentle partings, the bright and love-lit glances, are pleasant recollection for all of us to garner up.

“There’s a World in Love.”

THERE’S a world in LOVE we know not,
Ere we pass its charmèd portals;
It holds the most entrancing bliss
That GOD has given to mortals.
A sacred atmosphere is there—
A holy look when viewed aright;
For *true* love elevates the soul,
And fills the heart with pure delight

There's a world in LOVE so blissful!

We never *live* until we know it;

The safest harbour in life's storms,

And PEACE and JOY the lights that show it.

Sole symbol of celestial hope!

The sun that drives away life's night;

For *true* love elevates the soul,

And fills the heart with pure delight!

There's a world in LOVE so hopeful!

FAITH is the wall that girds it round;

And CHARITY, so angel meek!

An active spirit there is found:

There VIRTUE's ever-glowing flame

Keeps all within its precincts bright;

Yes! *true* love elevates the soul,

And fills the heart with pure delight!



CHAPTER V.

The hills! the hills! the ever-blessed hills!
'T was to your lone and rugged breast the Lord,
Who now again his Father's bosom fills,
Went in the silent midnight to record
His love for man. *Sophia Iselin.*

INSPIRATION ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.—CALM SUMMER
NIGHTS. — MIDNIGHT LAMPS. — THE POET'S LIFE NOT
ALWAYS A POEM.—THE TRUE GOAL.—A DEAR CHILD AN
EMBODIMENT OF PEACE.—A WORD OR TWO ABOUT THE
HEREAFTER.—THE LIFE OF GENIUS, A POEM.

IF we search the whole universe, the imagination cannot discover any spot so likely, from the majesty of its associations, to diffuse through the soul of the Poet the spirit of inspiration, as the far free mountain top. It is, when surrounded by elemental grandeur, that the spirit of prophecy descends upon the Poet's soul; and he is filled with emotions above reason, and with feelings beyond argument; and his acute senses,

unsensualized and purified, experience a thrilling and boundless ecstasy. He feels himself imbued with the essence of the Everlasting ; and resistless Faith, unbidden, springing up, glows through his heart, to be rooted there for ever. His imagination is dilated, and through the influence of Nature around, every faculty of his soul is irradiated by the consolations and the hopes of a hereafter. Blighted ambitions, unrealised dreams, and vain regrets, wing their way from the sore heart, and, at such moments, are forgotten ; and the vexed spirit is calmed as the turbulent waters were when Christ trod over them.

Far beneath, when he gazes down from the mountain top, he beholds the luxuriance and mightiness of God's works. On one side rolls and roars the vast ocean, the only physical element that appears perfect, and seems to know no change nor decay in time. A great

wind is sweeping over, and sighing through, the dark woods, and wantoning and careering through infinite space. He ponders upon the mysteries of the universe, and wonders at their magnificence; and having feasted his vision upon the varied loveliness of the scene spread out before him, and drank into his brain the magic harmonies which fill the air, he raises his eyes above and beholds the surpassing glory and brilliance of the King of day—the visible eye of God, as it were, lighting and warming a universe—riding on the vast blue arch of heaven, and backed beyond the reach of mortal gaze by gorgeous piles of cloudland, suggesting endless pictures to the mind. When the being is so attuned, it seems to catch, in conception, a glimpse of eternity; and he kneels down upon the crest of the high mountain, a meek and trusting atom in the vast scheme of the Creator. He

feels the glory of HIS promised love, and humbles himself in devout and sincere reverence and spirit-prayer.

Thus may the Poet receive the tone of spirit that will enable him to display immortally in song his cloud-piercing knowledge; and thus does he come to compass in imagination a heaven of boundless love and thought — a hereafter of desireless bliss as a blessed home for the souls of men.

We delight to mount, on some calm heavenly summer night, high cliffs overhanging the restless sea, and watch the sweet pale moonlight play upon the bosom of the waters. We have often blessed those shimmering beams, for they have seemed to link together heaven and earth in one effulgent stream of golden glory.

Gaze long in rapt thought upon the clear moonlight, and you will be able in fancy to

disembody yourself, and to soar away far into the blue ether, and briefly taste what your dilated imagination may be able to compass in thought of spiritual life. No loneliness can ever visit the true spirit in the companionship of the Almighty's sublime creations; and nothing of which we know can keep freshness and childhood in the heart of Man like to the contemplation of His divine love. However distant Man may be, the Poet will always remember that the Spirit of God is near and encompasses him everywhere.

A clear night tends to produce in the mind a spiritual tone of thought; and, during its witching and solemn hours, the spirit soars and indulges in ideal and dazzling dreams, far more bright than it is permitted to man that he should realise here; and yet, are they loaded with rich truths and fruits

of fancy destined to ripen not in time. How many lonely and disappointed souls have dreamed their dreams of love and life in vain? From how many human hearts has earthly love gone out for ever, and vanished from the embittered spirit like a mist before the sun? What a strange reflection it is, that in man—a mite in infinity—there dwells an immortal spirit that is a boundless Everywhere.

The Poet knows that *he* can never die; the physical will pass away and be again reclaimed by the physical elements to which it belongs, but *he* is destined to hold his course through an inspired and everlasting life. The Infinite seems most palpable to us when we concentrate our gaze upon the brilliances that spangle like myriads of glittering lamps the high deep vault above; and when all distance around us is mantled

and obscured in Night's shadowy garb. Night seems to our soul a time when God, shutting out from view our own world, and lighting up resplendently HIS heaven, would call upon shackled mortals to gaze up at his unequalled home of glory, and to worship.

If a soul does not yearn—and as it upward soars still yearn the more—in its earnest endeavour to expand its almost infinite faculties of thought, it can scarcely expect to reach a mental altitude worthy of attainment.

Burn on, ye midnight lamps, for ye who have seemed but to light the narrow precincts of the student's little chamber, have really illumined the world! Many a dreary night have we seen you, in this wilderness of men, shining like little beacons high up in the dark sea of wave-like houses.

The genius of many a poet* is not intense

* Shelley's life was a poem.

enough in degree to render his life a poem, but only shines out at fitful intervals, and, like the lurid lightning on a black and stormy night, appears only in vivid flashes; and too many endowed natures have had to mourn the irreparable loss of wasted and vanished years that have flown upon the swift wings of time. Gone, gone for ever is the Past, and vain are all regrets, save as monitors for the Future; and what has been done of good in a life, is often as faint, compared with the floating proofs of wrecked opportunities strown about, as the light of a tiny glow-worm would be in a wilderness, where all around bears the evidence of long neglect, and is tangled, wild, and drear.

The true Poet loves to do a good, and a universal thought, calculated to benefit mankind, will make his heart's pulsation throb with a pure joy beyond the power of words

to describe. Such a joy as some old Alchymist, or Rosicrucian, might be supposed to experience when he fancied that he had suddenly lighted upon the mysterious secret which he had sought with untiring patience through many long and wasting years. The upraiser of the loftiest mountain, and the tinter of the simplest wild flower, has infused from his own spirit into every human being a divine immortality; and that reflection is fruitful of the benignant blossoms of charity in the Poet's heart.

The singular examples of sublimity of intellect, of which the higher Poets are the mighty types, have failed to secure for themselves a common happiness amongst mankind. Yet, if a spirit liberally endowed could bring to Man peace here, they would have made of Earth a perfect Paradise. Alas! too often the Poet's serious thoughts, imaginings, and

musings diverge from *human* happiness, and take another path along the road of life. O true and wise philosopher, to whom —

“ All places that the eye of heaven lights
Are ports and happy havens.”

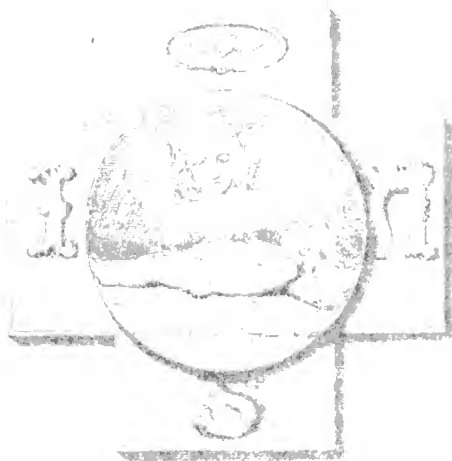
The Poet often fancies that his hopes and ambitions can find a realisation upon Earth; but as long as such an idea keeps possession of the heart, life is like the perpetual pursuit of a goal that seems to vanish when it is almost within the grasp. The true goal is a bright Eternity, which should ever loom upon the mental senses. If the Poet could realise his boyhood's dreams, Earth would be a Heaven, and Death a mockery.

As the Sun warms the prodigal Earth, so the imagination warms the teeming intellect of man; and the inspired poet who possesses the highest and purest imagination vouch-

safed to us, gives you the unburdenment of his whole soul, and pours out lavishly the riches of his spirit before you, laying bare the holiest passions and aspirations of our nature. Thus, to sow the seed of GOD'S Spirit in the human heart, and warm it into a rich prospect of an abundant harvest of eternal peace and love, is the truest effort of genius in the exercise of its holy mission on Earth.

Now, reader, if you would see a widely different picture from those upon which we have been dwelling; if you would like to behold and contemplate an embodiment of perfect Peace upon Earth, you must meekly follow us with reverent steps into a small and darkened room; and we must softly draw aside the curtains, and let the blessed light flow in upon a quiet and lonely chamber.

Humbly bow your head—look down over





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A DEAD CHILD.

"No human art can place before the vision of man a picture of such serene repose."

that little couch, and do not for an instant shudder—for Death has been no crueltyrant, and has gained no victory there. It is a beautiful little dead child softly folded in its snowy shroud—and no human art can place before the vision of man a picture of such serene repose. Is not the innocence of its lovely face sublime? and does not its expression appear, as though the stainless soul, as it passed out from the living frame to mount to regions of eternal bliss, had left a gleam of happy glory irradiating the countenance? What fearless confidence is printed upon that simple sinless face, which but a few fleeting hours ago was the clear dial of the soul that has gone to fathom mysteries, and to acquire knowledge that the wisest sages of Earth are longing to know. What a pure image of Death it is, and how completely robbed of all his cold terrors the ruthless monarch seems

to be; yet a resistless awe overshadows the spirit when we feel that we are in such a presence; and as we have no fear for the little voyager sweetly sleeping there, with the impression that we have, as it were, seen heaven reflected in an infant's face, we will re-drop the dark curtains, and glide noiselessly from these sacred precincts, while yet in our softened hearts the Present holds, in thought, the Future.

Thinking of the pretty little dead child has instinctively caused our thoughts to rise for a moment to the contemplation of the Angel-land, to whose bright but formless and impalpable realms our faith leads us to believe its soul hath flown. We find in the works of some of our greater Poets, that they have grandly ventured to utter high abstract imaginings even upon the things of heaven; and it is narrow-souled in ethic

philosophers to suppose, that it is in any degree impious to raise the mind as high as it can wing its flight, and, like blind Milton who lost his earthly sight and gained in its stead his heavenly visions, to endeavour faintly to mirror in inspired strains the regions of the sublimest.

In taking a retrospective view of our early days that have long ago gone by for ever, and the ghost of whose gentler feelings flit across the brain with the same mournful sensation as that awakened by the cherished memory of departed friends, we find that the mind is sure to rest upon the recollections of joy and pleasure, and thus diminish the charm of the Present; now in thinking of the Paradise of the soul, we hope that this will in the Future be reversed, and that we shall remember only enough of our existence *here*, to make the contrast then enjoyed, at once

stupendous and ecstatic. We delight to think, that the details of our Earthly pilgrimage will *then* be merged into one general recollection, and that the humiliations and degradations necessitated while we were *here*, may be *there* as a blank unwritten scroll, as a something rather never known than as any-thing forgotten.

One Almighty Soul animates the whole creation; and natural religion has been implanted in a latent form in every heart that throbs; but, as some mountains tower their crests nearer to heaven than others, so the faculties and perceptions of some souls are loftier and keener than those of mankind in general; and Poets have been the most inspired beings in time, and their souls have been best framed as guides to Eternity; and if high culture and learning were not far more common than a really fine tone of feeling,

this would be a truth of almost universal recognition. Unfortunately, too many men of high capability, are so completely absorbed in the necessitated pursuits of every-day life, that they little think of the priceless ore of Ideal Truth, but leave it to rest undisturbed in the richly yielding mines of abstract thought.

The Life of Genius.

How sad—yet fine—to watch the life
Of Genius on this earth;
To watch the course of some great soul
Dawn upward from its birth.
Through FAITH it shakes man's trammels off;
To high aims early clings,
As the grand Eagle shakes the rain
Of Heaven from its wings.

Its MISSION felt! emerging from
Dark doubts and struggles cold;
(Which though 't *must* triumph after all,
Are woeful to behold.)

It then displays that mind-light which
Mankind with wonder fills;
Like Day's bright king, when first his smile
Illumes the Eastern hills.

Deep into such great ideal souls
The BEAUTIFUL descends,
And ever yearning—upward aye—
Sure soar they to their ends.
As the sweet song-inspiring lark,
Of song-inspired flight,
Wings through the fresh blithe morning air,
Up to the gates of light.

At last! to see it grandly rise
Into the Heaven of thought,
With the lustrous fire of genius
Immortally o'erfraught.
And there—a star serenely bright—
For ever firmly rest ;
Above, beyond, *yet with the world*,
By whom IT was opprest.



CHAPTER VI.

Those well-won bays than life itself more dear.

CREATIVE AND REPRESENTATIVE POETRY—TENNYSON AND
MARY HOWITT—MAMMON-WORSHIP—THE MENTAL CHILD
—THE SUFFERINGS OF MAN AND NATURE—THE SIR GILES
OVERREACHES OF THE WORLD—ELLIOT.

LET us now resume our general observations upon Poetry and Poets.

Poetry may be divided under two principal or chief heads, from which spring many tributary streams, which include Dramatic, Lyric, and Heroic Poetry. The first and grandest we will term *Creative Poetry*, and the other *Representative Poetry*. The first is the finely philosophical, originally thoughtful, and highly imaginative; and the second is the truly sentimental, tenderly feeling, and richly fanciful.

The creative and original soul is obviously

the most spiritual, and the loftiest nature holding an embodied being amongst Men. The living and burning eloquence of Mind, belonging to these great valiant spirits, pours a flood of pure and glorious light throughout the world — world-elevating. Noble enthusiasm and high aspirations, are ever a part of transcendental genius in Nature. To this first class belong our Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, and Shelley, the Dante and Tasso of Italy, and the Göthe of Germany. These are the most intense and sublime of souls, that have, with heaven-inspired existence, left a priceless mental legacy to the farthest time; whose outpourings are so high and ideally true, that, although long distant ages must rise in mental level, and gain more spiritual life and light, these shall continue to act their original parts as teachers and ennoblers.

The young student of the highest and most perfect literature will ever be guided by them ; and the sages of every land shall find them the props of their own wisdom. Such souls are the world's mental beacons, and they will, through all time, guide us past the black shoals in Life's sea to the glorious harbour of our promised hereafter. What a grand case of this highest type of spirit we have had in our own time in Shelley. He was a saddened being, possessing a noble enthusiasm, and a lofty unworldly soul, filled with the highest abstract aspirations. The will of true poetical genius, and the force of individuality are such, that no power on earth can control or stay their might.

Creative and Representative Poetry may be combined in any one poem ; but even when so combined, they are distinct in the same production. What we mean to say is, that

although all great works possess both, and both in a large degree, still many writers have gained a universal reputation by the production of that which appeals to the heart more than to the head; of that which addresses itself only to the finer feelings and truer sentiments of our nature. This tender, pathetic, and loveable style, is by no means so high in order as the thought-wisdom of the great Poet-Priest.

Representative Poetry has, in most countries, and at all times, some one or more living examples. The observation which we made earlier in these chapters, applies particularly to this class of writers, who are often very beautiful both in style and tone, viz. : that the difference between themselves and mankind in general, is not so much in the sentiment thought, as in their peculiar power of exquisitely vivifying, and harmoniously

uttering that sentiment, so that it finds an immediate echo in the universal heart. They influence the heart only; but the really great Poet does that: and oh! how much more. His holy, earnest, lofty thought is not the reflex or mirror of the general mind, but something new to all; and something which demands of all who would be taught by it, that they should think and believe, and that deeply too.

The nature and the inspired vocation of the great Poet, render the application of the term Prophet-Priest most just and apt. Those who would go beneath the surface of these soul's creations, should bring a calm, clear spirit to the work, and then these precious springs of wisdom well up before their understandings with a glory unseen and unfelt by most. We entertain, however, a strong love for those tender and graceful ballads so abun-

dant in our unequalled literature. As, in all things else, the literature of England is the richest in the world, so does it surpass, in its ballad poetry, all the translated specimens which we have ever read.

Of all *living* writers of the ballad, we think that Tennyson and Mary Howitt may be most justly esteemed as being entitled to by far the highest position. Their ballads are gentle, graceful, and tender; and they possess a degree of exquisite thought rarely infused into this class of composition. An intense quality of genuine earnestness pervades all the songs of these writers, and to our minds they have a singular kind of conviction about them; so that you can never question the entire adhesion of their souls to nature. They appear to us to have translated their natural hearts into the most choice and appropriate language. The spirit of true

Christianity, which we discover throughout their writings, we attribute to the constant presence in their minds of the full conviction of the Divinity of the universe. They are both beings of the highest culture, but have many and wide dissimilarities both in tone and style. Disregarding their other works, these two poets are spoken of here simply as writers of the ballad. Mary Howitt is celebrated as being the best writer of the old ballad manner; whereas Tennyson's ballads, like everything from his pen, are remarkably original.

We had, in our literature, monuments of Imagination and Fancy, Thought and Feeling, and Passion and Love; but it remained for our day to see raised a mental monument to human Friendship; and the beautiful structure now built up is of exquisite proportions, the better fitting it for a commemoration of so

rare and precious a quality. We need scarcely say, that we refer to the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. He has redeemed himself from *poignant grief*, and has passed into *resigned sorrow*, through thought, and may be termed the Petrarch of Friendship, having found, in the charmed realms of Memory and Hope, the pleasant road that leads from the dark abysm of woe.

We must come to the conclusion that, although the writer of sentimental or feeling poetry is often the most loved, and often achieves with rapidity a wider popularity, still the great poet—often but little understood by those who will not or cannot clear their souls to think with him—is the most worthy of our admiration as well as of our love (and to those who are capable of hero-worship) of our worship, as the truest of heroes. A soul of the highest type often has a degree of genius

so refined that it naturally utters itself in the most harmonious music.

Yet, instead of mankind being engaged in just and true worship, Wealth, the golden calf, is the object of their sordid and miserable adoration. If it could be ever present to our general intelligence that this, our *existence*, is but a journey to *life* through the grave—a journey of development to perfection—we trust that this low and wretched idolatry, so criminally false as it is, would much abate.

Nothing, we firmly trust, will ever turn our worship from *the True!* We hope to constantly continue our worship for him of the valiant soul, in spite of the cant about the *couleur de rose* of youth. He will ever have our veneration who is the unflinching enemy of false worldliness and cold conventional-ity and who desires to see the souls of men

educated as well as their minds informed. How degrading it is to the position of Mind in our time that, socially and politically, we are so often ruled and governed by the most ignorant and unthinking influences. We imagine man as he should be, but we experience him as *he is*.

To turn now to other considerations; we would fain offer a few words of advice to the juvenile, or even youthful poet. We would earnestly say, Be not only the fathers of your mental offspring, but also the guides and watchers. Bring up your Songs and Poems, as though you had given birth to a mortal with an immortal soul to be directed to heaven; with no impatient and hasty temper, but dreaming even a future here, a life amongst your race when *you* have ceased to be; and so shall you, if your imagination and thought be at all equal to our meaning, the

better insure the perfection of your mental child.

We can venture to say, that very few poets of any name or worth, ever wrote a work of length or continued and sustained purpose, without, after its publication—unless retained unprinted for a considerable period of time—seeing much that it would be desirable to alter, amend, or polish.

Often when you have read a high, warm, conscious spirit, it seems to have dreamed, but it has really *laboured*—laboured, and created, like a God, from the wealth of its own soul, the beautiful fabric of thought upon the contemplation of which you linger in wonder. Specially inspired by Love and Knowledge, it has laboured, nevertheless, to render its resultive works perfect as you behold them. The highest and most perfect efforts of Creative Art are the greatest and the *truest* glories of the world.

Dreading the world-spirit of modern Commerce as we do, and fearing that sadly degrading results are calculated to spring from the increase of Mammon-worship; still, we sincerely trust that we may not be mistaken for one who would or could scoff at useful industry or necessary toil. We recognise much true poetry in—

“The short and simple annals of the poor,”
and much self-denial, untold heroism, and uncomplaining suffering.

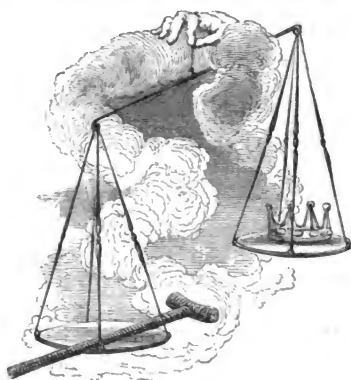
The sufferings of Nature, and of Humanity, are awful. Society, as now constituted, can have but little charm for either the Thinker or the Poet, however much they both may love mankind. They find Society arid, unfrank, and ungenial; and a cold and ungenerous conventionality exists which they must deem one of the saddest sins of every civilized land, Who is there that meditates and yet does not yearn for something freer and better.

The Sir Giles Overreaches of the world. who are the fosterers of this loathsome Mammon-worship, that can see no glory save in the glitter of gold, understand no music but the crisping of a Bank Note, and estimate no moral virtue, or individual worth, save by the holding of much of these—who lead what the World calls *respectable* lives, and yet, to our minds, have not half so true an idea of God, or Religion, as a North American Indian. They have no belief in the Education of the Soul.

In our transactions between man and man, all depends upon the spirit, manner, and way. It is not *what it is* but *how it is performed*. Elliott, in his Ironmonger's Shop, and spending his Sundays in catching the breath of God upon mountain-tops, and rambling in green meadows and down shady lanes, is a pleasing contemplation to us. He walked abroad

amidst Nature, that God might preach to him.
All honour to the true Merchant and Trader,
the exceptions to the rule!

That cripple Poverty, weighed against Rank and Wealth, immeasurably bears down the scale of mental worth; as the small wild flower, fresh from Nature's generous hand, has often far more truth of beauty and of sweetness in it, than the gaudiest flower of art, of highest garden rank, and supplies to the wise philosophic mind, far richer food for contemplation.



CHAPTER VII.

The pure alone can in thy page
The vision and the glory see! *Bulwer.*

THE MYSTICAL IN WRITING—SYNTHETIC, AND ANALYTIC
CRITICISM—BULWER—SONNET TO BULWER—THE BOY-
HOOD AND YOUTH OF THE POET—LIONISING—POETRY THE
POET'S RELIGION—THE PRACTICAL GOOD EFFECTS OF
POETRY—PRIESTCRAFT—DICKENS—CARLYLE.

MUCH has been said about the mystical in writing, and if a real instance against any of *our* first writers can be established, we should ourselves heartily condemn it. But the very names most mixed up with this jargon, are really the most exempt from it, if their works be largely or justly examined

High abstract thought is very often termed *mystical*; but to a high, clear, fine quality of intellect, it is not so. If thought be high and abstract, it is evident that it will require

a high level of soul to be even with, or fully to appreciate it. The ability to comprehend a pure and original imagination is not given to all souls. A bombast of words, forming meretricious conceits, is never to be met with in the creations of any of those writers who form our highest English Classics. Some of the first and loftiest thinkers must ever remain the pleasure and study of the choice few alone; unless some unforeseen change take place in the general intellectual powers of the human race. We wish that it were generally admitted, that jargon against *style* is a poor excuse for inability to criticise *thought*.

If a Poet treats of a classical subject, and some do not understand that subject, he is not necessarily mystical: if his fancy be too free and high, or his imagination too lofty and grand; again, he is not necessarily mystical. A Poet has a right to select the most elegant

language, and to clothe his thoughts as grandly as he can. We cannot endure to hear such poets as Shelley and Keats termed *mystical*.

Of the two orders of critical mind we deem that the *synthetic*, most assuredly, ranks higher than the *analytic*; and our reason for this conviction is the same that would induce us to prefer beholding the whole of a beautiful landscape at once, in preference to catching separate and detailed glimpses; which would certainly fail fully to impress upon our vision the grandeur and spirit of the entire scene. Besides, a general and generous view *suggests* the details that make up the entirety of anything far more perfectly than the pettiness of detail can suggest a complete work, be that either a work of Nature or of Art. Thus we are led to believe that the synthetic combines all the virtues of the analytic *by suggestion*; at least if

addressed to a thoughtful mind. The two combined would make perfection.

Of all living authors, Bulwer—the English literary Universalist—has the most perfect power of garbing his beautiful thoughts grandly. It is distinctly one power to *think* grandly, and another to possess the artistic ability to *utter* grandly. The one power perfects and refines the other. Bulwer casts, as it were, a halo round his every thought by his singular and intuitive knowledge of the genius and purpose of language. Yet he is always within the reach of a *Mind*! He avowedly addresses himself to *all minds*. It would, therefore, be absurd to term his writings *mystical* because they are original, powerful, and refined. He may safely rest his fame as a poet upon his great poem “King Arthur.”

The untiring adoration of the Sublime, the Beautiful, and the True—on the part of a

high, yearning, ideal soul—is to be traced in various and diversified forms, throughout all the great literary achievements of Bulwer. Putting aside the consideration of his certain position in all time to come—his Mission and its influence have been of immense importance to our own Epoch. His rare combination of his ties—his universe—his true genius.

Wm. Lytton, Bart.

of the imagination.
 the grandest Poet
 hopes of an he
 associated
 thou hast been,
 thou there hast seen ;
 upon the wind.
 ER art thou
 win Sisters meek are they ;
 eyes, effulgent as the day !—
 with TRUTH each spirit-brow.
 beacon-thoughts thy works arise
 wing far down the Future rays b-acted and
 any soul has ever starward turned I plan. The
 Gathering from thence bright glea
 Rare Prophet-minds—of aye-end this, but the
 Raise up the World with their Ideal soul the

The most mystical Poetry is really to be found in the Holy Scriptures—poetry which is grand, but which no human reason can unravel or lay bare: like Creation, it is intended to be read with the eyes of Faith. Much of the poetry in which GOD addresses Man is both sublime and simple, but much also is evidently so figurative and allegorical as to be liable to the most opposite interpretations. Many of the wondrous records of Almighty wisdom, may, very probably, come down to us in a far other shape than their beautiful originals. It should be remembered, that originally the Bible was not even divided into chapter and verse.

....How beautifully and wonderfully every thing refined. With our religious Faith, and our upon his grea.reafter, has been interwoven with

The untiring poetry, and the highest delights
Beautiful, and the

Poetry should not only teach and elevate, but it should also, like Nature, suggest. That is poor Poetry which has not, as it were, something beyond itself; which does not contain inner worlds, and further meanings, than are at first palpable; and which does not, also, in some sort adapt itself to the reading variety of intellect. Carlyle asserts that Shakspeare is not yet half understood, and we believe it. Nature, that great Poem, is pleasing to all, and yet wears a higher or lower meaning to each variety of mental vision, as the case may be. How grandly suggestive and inexhaustible is the Book of Nature. It does not show us GOD, and yet HE is there; HIS presence is a conviction everywhere, and HE is reflected and suggested throughout the whole plan. The Actual cannot comprehend this, but the Ideal will; and to any Ideal soul the

contemplation of Nature enforces irresistibly the highest and finest religious influences. A philosophical spirit should pervade religious considerations, with little, if any, of that narrow sectarianism which is not large enough in tone for a free or thoughtful worshipping. Sectarianism is one type of Imperfection.

In Boyhood, and even in early Youth, the Poet very often gives out but little evincement of the spirit within, that is afterwards destined to shine so brightly; and which is even then—although he is scarcely aware of it himself—working in him. His early associates and companions, owing to his great indolence and strong hatred of any-thing like task-work, are often ignorant of what talent or powers of thought he may possess. No system, we may here mention, more unlikely to succeed in the Boyhood of a Poet can be imagined than the usual class-system, as it

is opposed to his nature. Early in life, he is far too diffident, doubtful, and uncertain in thought to think aloud; or to show his crude and inartistic rhymes to men whom he feels will neither sympathise with *their* spirit, nor understand *his* feelings. The Poet's mind is generally one of slow growth and gradual development as the biography of many a Poet amply proves; and men whose minds have reached all the poor ripeness to which they ever attain, when they leave school, and who are but small readers of books containing but small thoughts, cannot comprehend the sure elevation of a poetical mind that reads more and thinks more each year that it lingers upon the shores of Time. The growth of a mind—the expansion of a soul—is a puzzle to men who only possess that degree of intelligence which a thoughtful man can scarcely term *a mind*. The

young Poet thinks in solitude, and sheds his tears *alone* ; and only keeps his careless mirth for *such* companionship.

In later life, too, should the Poet achieve a name, how worse than absurd are the efforts made to *lionise* him. People who do this forget that the Poet holds, as it were, two distinct lives—two separate idiosyncrasies—the one alone in the fields, or in his study, and the other in Society. They ought not to expect him to give utterance to the same character of thought in casual conversation, in a mixed company, as they find in his Works; produced as those Works are, in his calmest hours of thought, and afterwards laboriously matured.

A man may be a great Poet, and yet possess but poor conversational powers, although, generally, the conversational powers of the Poet are brilliant and fascinating in

the extreme; but he is often loth to display them, and it is very likely, that his sensitive and peculiar temperament will often prevent him from exercising fully such ability in the way of conversation as he really holds, except in the presence of tried and familiar friends. He knows little of the Poet's nature who would judge of his power to reveal and illustrate in writing by what he says in words, even to his dearest friend.

Poetry is the Poet's Religion; and, therefore, he is cautious amongst strangers about thrusting forward any thing connected with his revered and loved Art. He fears the cold scorn of some pitiable actual dead—or rather never born—to the warm feelings and high conceptions of his Nature. He knows that Philosophy is the Sister of Faith, and that Faith is Poetry.

It is one of his convictions that little true

Religion would be left to us, if it were possible that Poetry could ever be no more! Although he can well afford the sneer and scorn of those who understand not his joys, his cares, or his griefs, yet, standing as he does firmly upon the pedestal of eternal truth and justice, he still dreads to endure it, as it is baneful to the very air he breathes.

We have before observed, that Poets are the least steadily happy beings in time—although they have rare ecstasies—because they are the most thoughtful; and is it not so? They know that the Tree of human institutions is sore and bleeding at the root; they know that disease and canker is eating at the leaves and branches; and of all the remedies and cures their imaginations may suggest, not one, alas! has power to heal as they could hope; although it may be true and high, and bear the rarest fruit hereafter.

But these suggestion oftens have their *practical effects* in our brief *here*, if failures as a whole; and cause the Angel of sweet Charity to stretch her radiant wings a little more, and shelter something that before was naked and forlorn.

The true Poet feels that the very grounds upon which Poetry is scoffed at are untenable; for he is as certain that Poetry has many good *Practical* effects and influences, as he is that its agency is benign. He feels that the agency which can soothe in the deepest sorrow; which can prompt to acts of heroism and patriotism which may save a land; which can uphold the soul during temptations and cause it to cling to virtue; which can "soften the hard surface of the stern realities which we encounter, as we pursue our journey towards the future;"* which, through all time,

* Linwood.

has been the key to unlock the heart, and the lever to upraise the mind; *has* inestimable *Practical* good effects.

It is a part of his belief that Idealism has worked more *practical* good for man in the World than Actualism. One of the great yearning hopes of his existence is to see the palpable and evident triumph of God's true Spirit in the World. The Poet, pondering upon the creations of his great brotherhood, sees that *they* are both prophetic revealers and practical teachers.

It is a poor spirit that can be enthralled by Priestcraft; and it is indeed a very bounded imagination, dwelling upon a very narrow faith, that can see any exaltation of that faith in useless forms and ceremonies. When we are contemplating or worshipping God in our houses of prayer, how worse than absurd it seems to prevent the soul from soaring

above the holy edifice itself, by chaining the attention within to displays of pomp and mummerly. The humble simplicity of true Christianity—so beautiful in itself—has *unseen* things of such might and grandeur to fill the mental vision, that any pageantry of Earth in connection with the worship of God, jars upon the thought and sense, and seems an ignorant blasphemy. The spirit can no more be bound by the letter than Religion has anything to do with the Fathers; and, the idea of mortal intervention between God and the soul, which is above mortality, cannot be tolerated by a pure and reasoning imagination. Priestcraft (—not *the* Priesthood—) is a form of idolatry, and the Poet worships THE SPIRIT and not *a form*.

Emerson, in his work on “Nature,” speaks of the lover of nature as one “whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted

to each other, who has retained the spirit of infancy even in the era of manhood." This passage is very liable to be misread, owing to its being involved; because really the thoughtful and philosophic lover of Nature does not so much *merely* "retain the spirit of infancy," as, without losing that spirit, it grows, magnifies, and certainly alters within him; and, in an imaginative Childhood, what was a matter of course—an innate appreciation of the Beautiful—becomes, in such a nature, in Manhood, a part of the philosophy of existence. Nature, in the mental eyes of a true-souled man, becomes a recognition of the Universal God. The Poet knows that little will spring from the works of a soul that does not combine the Child and the Man—the pure Heart and the wise Head. And he also knows that universality of spirit is necessary to constitute real greatness of genius.

Speaking of the heart of the child, and the head of the man, irresistibly reminds us of one great living Poet, who has never published verses; but it has been the fate of few, if that of any men, *while living*, to dwell in and to influence so many hearts, as Dickens. His sentiments of Love and Hope, are all as beautiful and true, as his rare wit is genuine; and rightly does he guide and raise the millions, whose spirits he controls by force of love; and his familiar monthly parts flow forth over the land like genial and refreshing streams, conveying everywhere they reach sweet truthful pictures of the lights and shades of life: causing hearts to open every way, now in the kindliness of mirth, now in the sympathy of sorrow. It must be a strange nature that does not love this author's heart, and cherish his imaginings.

If the two Schools of Poetry be separated—

viz., The Poetry of Thought and "The Poetry of Sentiment,"—we undoubtedly prefer the Poetry of Thought, because our own minds can supply the sentiment naturally springing from the thought; but it is not nearly so easy to supply thought that may be wanting in mere poetry of Sentiment. For a work to be truly great, however, it must possess a large combination of both; that is, of mind and heart, of thought and feeling. Now Carlyle is filled with universal sympathies and feelings, and his thoughtful nature is a truly poetical one. He invariably adheres to Nature in Thought, and his heart acts as a guiding Spirit to his mind.



CHAPTER VIII.

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs.

Spenser.

PERSECUTION AND NEGLECT OF MEN OF GENIUS.—PHILIP
MASSINGER.—THOMAS OTWAY.—CHATTERTON.—OLIVER
GOLDSMITH.—ROBERT BURNS.—EDMUND SPENSER.—
TASSO.—A WORD OF HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.—LINES TO
THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

IN glancing over “the Book and Volume of our Brain,” it is sad to think how many instances come back to us in memory, of the persecution or neglect of men of eminent genius or ability. Considering, however, the number of our eminent poetical writers, bad as we have been, the other lands of Europe have been far worse. This frequent neglect may be charged against every civilised country, as biography and history blackly prove; and not only neglect but gross oppression and cruelty.

Philip Massinger, the author of "The Fatal Dowry," "The Duke of Milan," and other celebrated dramatic works, was compelled to supplicate Five Pounds to save him from the horrors of a gaol while alive; and we find that he died miserably and suddenly, in his wretched dwelling at Bankside. He also had, it is clearly evident, to endure the entire loss of many of his compositions. An author can alone judge of the heavy grief that such a circumstance would be likely to engender in the minds of those men who labour to live when *they* are dead. No tomb or monument had he, but he was obscurely buried in St. Saviour's church-yard, and the simple and suggestive entry runs thus — "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, *a Stranger*."

Thomas Otway, the author of "Venice Preserved," "The Orphan," "Alcibiades,"

and other dramas, considered by many critics to be productions of a very high order, must have endured many and actual privations. His death at a low and dirty pot-house on Tower Hill, where he was hiding from his creditors, is a death we do not even like to think of. Whatever may be the order of merit in which his prominent productions ought to stand, that he should have thus breathed his last in abject poverty in *such* a place, is a fact most unpleasant for us to contemplate. If it were not meet and good that such things should be widely known, we would be one of the first to hide and curtain them from public memory.

And then Chatterton—

“ ——— the marvellous boy:

The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.”

It makes us very gloomy when we ponder upon the fate of this truly “*marvellous*” boy,

and our feelings are a mingling of the most sympathetic grief and wonder, with the deepest pride in the fact of his being English, as the whole World can present no compare with the power of his early mental might. Mankind has never beheld an instance of such perfect precocity of imagination, and such high and dauntless pride of soul. The Hymn which he wrote at eleven years of age is the most perfect early production in any language. Never before or since has a soul, which had been so brief a time amongst us, presented such mighty promise, and reached such a rich and extraordinary ripeness.

Chatterton's literary forgeries were in most senses blameless, and certainly by far the most blameless of any literary forgeries of which we have ever heard, as they injured neither individual position nor National fame.

Consider his labours and endurances in his short life, and then think of his despairing even to death, *through want*, at seventeen. He was buried in a *Workhouse* shell, within the *Workhouse* grounds. Here is indeed matter for mournful consideration and regret.

Again let us dwell for a moment upon the many rubs and reverses that poor gentle Oliver Goldsmith had to endure. What Englishman is there who does not love the memory of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Deserted Village"? Even, although, in thought, he cannot altogether agree with the intent of the latter. We are not naturally cruel in disposition; but if we had the power to deal as we might think meet with such a character as Theaker Wilder, Goldsmith's brutal and savage tutor, we should display an energy the very reverse of lenient or merciful. A

mind so sensitively attuned as Goldsmith's could never be expected to develop itself, or to succeed in its early efforts after learning, with such a system of training as he underwent. How many times he lost his little all; or the old story of the threatening landlady within, and the hunting officers without, need scarcely be told here. Who can, however, read his history without coming to the conclusion, that it was absolutely necessary to the commonly safe existence of such an eccentric and simple man, that he should have enjoyed a fixed and sure income! The man who can enrich the literature of his land with such perfect literary productions as his, has surely some claim upon a Nation and a Government.

To close a list, which unhappily we could make only too long, let us, with calmness if possible, contemplate the treatment

of Robert Burns by the Government authorities in Scotland. Burns may, we think, be termed the most natural of all known writers, as less art and more nature are apparent in his warm and gentle Songs. His is certainly the *most natural* love in verse which we have ever read. His genius, aided by the fewest possible advantages, has built a monument that Britain may be proud of. Passion, warmth, tenderness, a rich imagination and fancy, and a remarkable universality of feeling, are all to be found in the writings of Burns. After being the courted and flattered Idol of a Season in Edinburgh, he was again consigned to a rural and laborious life, rendered ungenial by the false promises and temporary lionising to which he had been subjected. The appointment which was then given to him—O what rich and considerate patronage of genius!—was

that of a Common Gauger, or Exciseman, with a salary of less than £70 per annum, but afterwards raised to that *lavish* and *enormous* amount. A more inappropriate, absurd, or insulting office for such a man could not have been conceived by illiberality, or offered by ignorance. When he was dying—O that it can be recorded—and in misery enough of both mind and body, these inhuman wretches actually stopped *half his income*—half his paltry £70 per annum! Yet, in spite of reverses, and the robbery of half his income just named, this *true* man died perfectly free from debt.

Thus, after having enjoyed much rapture, and endured much woe—for his large heart had been sorely tried—this transcendant soul became disembodied at the age of thirty-nine.

The lives of many great Poets are beautiful

lives, and extraordinary examples of the virtue of Genius. The life of Robert Burns is another proof of the unconquerable power of an original mind. Poverty, want of Education and Position, and all mortal obstacles and difficulties, are as nought when opposed to the mightiness of high and true genius. Genius—being inspiration—can overcome, and rise superior to, every known influence; and it is the contemplation of this fact which proves to our mind that genius is, in every case, a special and individual ordination.

The case of Edmund Spenser would, undoubtedly, have been placed first upon our list, but that he certainly enjoyed at one or other period of his life considerable Court patronage and emoluments, and somewhat large grants. Yet it appears from a portion of his own poetry, that before the consideration which his superior ability entitled him

to was extended, he was so sick of spirit with long waiting, as to be almost broken-hearted. Spenser's genius was one of the brightest glories of the rich reign of Elizabeth, and it is sad to chronicle that he experienced the bitterest reverses in his endeavour to secure and maintain Court favour. His profusion of fancy, and the exquisite musical cadence of his verse, are wonderful; but his pastoral poetry was not strictly *pastoral*. To show how keenly he felt the saddening effects of Court intrigue and influence, so long used against the efforts of his constant patrons, Sidney and Leicester, by Burleigh, we will quote some of his bitter lines of regretful anguish. They will, unhappily suit our own times as well as those in which they were wrung from the woe of a great spirit.—

“ Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow:
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone!
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.”

The oppressions and cruelties practised towards men of high scientific attainments in all ages, have also been numerous; and Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, and who was on that account actually imprisoned, is a notable instance. Think, too, how ignorantly and inhumanly Bigotry persecuted spiritual Shelley!

The long imprisonment of the great Tasso,

for honouring a princess with his love, is a woeful illustration of the foolish vanity of *unreal* nobility. Why, Tasso was really far nobler than those titled *things*. His, truly, was the descent. To think that seven years of that glorious existence should have been spent in a horrid dungeon, in the most loathsome captivity, for the sake or salvation of any king or princess is monstrous. Power imprisoned Worth in Tasso's case, but from amidst the stones and chains that bound him, grew up a mental flower of rarest beauty, springing from his soul; and that flower bloometh now in every land, and earthly power can neither blight nor kill it.

It is really well for us all to consider, whether our present appreciation or reward of genius and ability, is much in advance of our sad and brief instances of the past. Do not the names of Hood, *rare* Hood, gentle

Blanchard, proud Haydon, and others, strike uneasily upon the sensitive heart when it hears them. We trust, sincerely, that Art, Science, and Literature will not *much longer* be thus criminally neglected, and that beggarly pittances will not be all the reward doled out ungraciously to National benefactors. What can we say at present, in answer to our question concerning present improvement upon the past, we can but sigh—Little improvement, *if any!*

We should delight to see a new Order of Merit established, earned by superior individual mental worth, and dying with the being who earned it; each such distinction, or title if you will, being accompanied with a liberal and suitable annuity. A nation honors itself in honoring the lights of time, as surely as any man, who can, but does not, benefit by those lights, denies himself a pure and lofty privilege.

Lines to the Memory of Hood,

Poor Tom Hood, thy memory dear
Let each Englishman revere ;
For thy wit and ceaseless fun ;
For thy jokes, and pun on pun,
For thy songs, so fresh and new,
For thy epigrams, not few !
For thy whims, so quaint and terse,
For thy newly-metred verse,
For thy pathos, so divine,
For thy sentiment, so fine,
For thy all-descriptive mind,
For thy love of all mankind,
For thy resignation meek,
For thy struggle for the weak,
For thy Christian charity,
For thy mental rarity,
For thy aid to hapless man,
For thy good in thy brief span,
For these we love it, and for more—
For thy rich mind's exhaustless store.



CHAPTER IX.

As the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. *Shakspeare.*

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.—COLERIDGE ON EXISTENCE.

THE Poetry of Science is beginning to attract a considerable increase of attention, and it is most just that it should be so; for the Natural and Mechanical Sciences are alike loaded with rich and wonderful Poetry. Poetry which only requires the clear eyes of the Poet's calm and lofty soul to be perceived and appreciated, and then to be translated palpably by him to the general mind, through the instrumentality of his divine art.

All known Sciences contain within themselves Worlds of exquisite Poetry, and the

more the general mind becomes familiarized with the ever-varying interest and fascinations connected with their Study, the more rapid will become the diffusion and the rise of Science. Science is a holy devotion, and the pursuits and the results attained are alike glorious.

Those Sciences which appear to us to be most attractive to the imagination, and to present the widest and best revealed fields of investigation, and to contain—even to a surface-inspection of their wonders, their beauties, and their combinations—the most Poetry, are the studies of the Philosophical Naturalist, the Botanist, the Geologist, the Astronomer, and the Chemist. The Study and extraction of Poetry from these sciences, is like reading mighty books of Life, Beauty, and Divinity. But we can only obtain in the end, even if we spend a life in abstract

Scientific studies, "a cloud-reflection of the vast Unseen."

Coleridge asks, "Hast thou ever raised thy mind to the consideration of EXISTENCE, in and by itself, as the mere act of existing? Hast thou ever said to thyself *thoughtfully*, IT IS! heedless at the moment whether it were a man before thee, or a flower, or a grain of sand—without reference, in short, to this or that particular mode or form of existence? If thou hast, indeed, attained to this, thou wilt have felt the presence of a mystery, which must have fixed thy spirit in awe and wonder."

The study of the sciences only increases our reverence and love, and brings us in closer contact with the spirit of the Great Designer.

With what an advance of interest over that of ordinary men must the Man of Science

wander in the Fields and the Woods, and traverse over mountains, seas, and deserts. The Trees and the Flowers have tongues for him, and the Rivers and the Streams have a History. He knows that the smallest insect, as well as the mightiest animal, has a direct parentage. He knows where the Zoophytes merge into one another: he knows not only the form and colour of a Flower, but the combinations that produce its symmetry and lovely hue: and he knows the laws by which the white sunbeam is thrown back from its surface in coloured rays. He knows, O wondrous fact! "that the dew-drop which glistens on the Flower, that the tear which trembles on the eye-lid, holds *locked in its transparent cells* an amount of electric fire equal to that which is discharged during a storm from a thunder-cloud."* Here is

* Introduction to "Hunt's Poetry of Science."

Poetry! He knows that *minute insects* have built whole islands of coral reefs up into light from the low deep bed of the vast ocean. Here is Poetry! He knows that neither Matter nor Mind ever die; and that if the fixed laws of Attraction and Repulsion were for one instant disturbed, the whole physical Creation would fall back that moment into Chaos, and that the ponderous Globe itself would then and there vanish.

When Night mantles all, how many scientific eyes are peering through vast Telescopes up into space, at the deep-blue Heavens, spangled with their myriad brilliancies. "Those eyes have found that planet is bound to planet, system chained to system, all impelled by a Universal Force to roll in regularity and order around a common centre."* Thus, those who people Earth now, and those

* Introduction to "Hunt's Poetry of Science."

who will do so in all future ages, are benefited by the researches of science, and the scientific truths accumulated—like all truths—are eternal.

In matters of science, new discoveries and applications of importance, are too often ridiculed and neglected by the false critic; whereas the really true critic, guided by the canons of philosophical criticism, and armed with the sword of Justice and of Truth, will only strike down that which hath a venom in itself; and even in such works as may be overcharged with the pernicious, he will be doubly pleased to display the spirit of the Dove in the brave Ark of old, and hold up for the good and admiration of mankind, any single leaf of beauty he may find, peeping above the wide and baneful waters of the False.

CHAPTER X.

Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll. *Gray.*

SCIENCE—FICTION—R. H. HORNE'S POOR ARTIST—NOTICE OF
THE SAME (*a foot note*)—THE MODERN DISCOVERIES AND
APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—
PHRENOLOGY.

FICTION has lately been chosen as a means of familiarizing science in one single case only, but with great success. It is by the celebrated dramatic Poet, R. H. Horne, and is entitled "The Poor Artist; or, Seven Eye-sights and One Object." We hope it will not be long before we may have other works of Science-Fiction, as we believe such books likely to fulfil a good purpose, and create an interest, where, unhappily, science alone might fail.*

* This little book has proved of great interest to us; as in style and tone it is both novel and refreshing.

The story of "The Poor Artist" is in itself—although only used in a garb in which to make "the revelations of

Campbell says, that "Fiction in Poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanting resemblance." Now this applies

a reasoning imagination" appear the more attractive — full of earnest and speculative interest. The story of a high, simple, true spirit, struggling with unalterable will and determination towards an ennobling purpose, is pleasingly told.

He does good work who leads us thus seductively, along the pleasant road of fiction, to such thought-inducing glimpses of the "Poetry of Science," as we find here. The different aspects in which any one given object may and must appear to each differently formed insect and animal vision, is the cause of the six sketches taken by the Poor Artist from descriptions given to him by a Bee, an Ant, a Spider, a Perch, a Robin, and a Cat. On investigating the object itself, he finds that the whole six have seen on the grass a shining golden sovereign, covered with bright dew drops, and that his six strange pictures, all entirely different, of this single object, have been caused by the *different sights* of each of the little narrators. This little book, however, does not stop here; many thought-digressions spring from the contemplation of creation's unrevealed wonders.

"The Poor Artist" is gracefully dedicated to Professor Owen, of whom Dr. Southwood Smith has said, "that *one* head contains all that is known of physiology up to the

especially to Science-Fiction, in which the revealed truths of Science may be given, interwoven with a pleasing story which may itself be poetical and *true* — thus circulating

present time;" to which remark our author adds the following, "each department of such knowledge being more than enough for any man's life." Doubtless this Professor Owen's whole existence has been one exquisite acted poem; one long abstraction for the enlightenment and elevation of his race. The world is very little inclined to regard men of high scientific attainments with half the veneration they deserve. We are not among those who can believe, that either the highly-gifted imagination, or the life-labour of the devotee to science, can ever die, or be lost in a just hereafter. Properly considered, existence, *merely for life's sake*, and devoid of a high purpose, is of little worth.

We confess that we had passed over this little work, having been misled by its title. It is time well spent, however, to pass through his struggle for *a name* with "The Poor Artist." They will find this journey sad and chequered, as the journey to fame of all such intellect must ever be; but in this case ending in *a double* success. In all sincerity, we can recommend all those who delight to think, and also those who desire to be made to think, to read with care, "The Poor Artist."

a knowledge of the Poetry of Science, clothed in a garb of the Poetry of life. The influences of Science inter-penetrate the whole Earth, breathing eloquently through the framework of Creation.

In logic and reason, we are forced to the conclusion, that not any of the facts of science tend to prove that the worlds of animal life below our own, and amidst which worlds we dwell in perfect ignorance of aught but the forms of their tenants, have not a fresh existence after *what we term* death. Byron evidently came to a like conclusion, when, on the death of his favourite dog—that most intelligent and faithful of all animals—he placed the following lines over his tomb:—

“ Unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven *the soul* he held on earth;
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.”

We are accustomed (and as an accepted custom in ordinary conversations or writings it is well enough) to term the innumerable inhabitants of the many mysterious worlds amidst which we dwell, *dumb*. Now we have no right to assume that any of the various classes of living creatures around us are dumb, because we are ignorant of *their* language, and they of *ours*. We are convinced, from observation, that many of those animals which we usually term *dumb animals*, have a distinct language, or mode of communicating their wishes and desires to each other, by means of mutually understood sounds. Any species having a power of conversing by sound, possess *a language*, and cannot, therefore, be justly considered dumb. Besides, can we say for certain, that the more minute and diminutive of the insect tribes have not a language of understood sounds, so low and soft in tone

as to be beneath the reach of our capability of hearing?

We know that when we gaze at some beautiful ruin, the space between our eye and the object is full of numerous tribes of living insects. We know that the very air which we breathe, and the water which we drink, both are also full of life. Is it not, then, as reasonable to suppose, that if life which we cannot see exists everywhere around us, so languages which we cannot hear, and which if we could hear, we could not of course understand, are spoken around us, by animals and insects, which we consider to lack the power of sound. From observation, we have come to the conclusion that the language of animals is generally more idiomatic than our own; as we are sure that they can communicate more in fewer words than we can. The words, *dumb animals*, ought to be dropped in

the writings of all philosophical naturalists. How differently the eye—the brain's window—sees and translates objects which engage its attention, because “it depends greatly upon the faculty *behind* the eye.” After we rise above the veriest level of the actual and the material, *all* depends upon that something behind the eye. Many, in fact innumerable, objects exist, upon the form, use, and colour which no two men can be found to differ ; but the instant that the object addresses itself to the imagination, that most godlike quality of man's intellect, this uniformity of vision in man ceases, *and the level of the soul decides.*

The modern discoveries and applications of Science, throw deeply into the shade the old romances and fanciful legends of our boyhood. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments—The Child's Fairy Tales—Oberon and Titania—The Child's Own Book—are all robbed

of their old wonder by the many marvels of modern Science. The Magnetic Needle—which has grown into the almost Omnipresent Electric Telegraph—has more magic about its *reality*, than the wildest creations of child-fiction and legend have in their *ideality*. The Fairies never fancied anything more wonderful than holding conversations thousands of miles apart, and they only effected such things in Story; yet such conversations are now every-day common-places. It really does not seem out of the way to look forward to the day—and that day not far distant—when the Mother Country may thus hold hourly communication with her various gigantic Colonial Infants in each hemisphere of the Globe.

The Electric Telegraph, when calmly thought of,—and when we consider that the full powers of Electricity are not yet

developed,—is certainly the most wonderful of the modern applications of the discoveries of Science; because—as we have observed before—it almost realizes to the mind Omnipresence! Truly, to the thoughtful mind, the days of Miracles are not over.

We will only make passing mention of frequent ascents in great Nassau Balloons, filled with 90,000 feet of gas, and travelling many miles above the Earth's surface across the Channel, in the night, and landing in the morning *somewhere* in the far South of France.

We will only make passing mention of the entire banishment of night, as it were, from our great Cities—by means of the soon-to-be-used Electric light—which, at a given hour, or even moment, will suddenly illuminate whole towns with a brightness almost equal to the light of day.

We will bestow but a glancing word upon Britannia Tubular Bridges—monster trains conveying thousands of passengers at the rate of 60 miles per hour—and the joining of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. We are sure, however, of one fact; that not many generations ago, to *talk* of such noble achievements would have resulted in confinement for life as a lunatic, and to have been successful in one or other would have been deemed a miracle. Many things that science has rendered common often approach sublimity.

The Amputation of Limbs without pain, the abstraction and replacement of eyes without the knowledge of the owner, are no longer things of even common surprise. The use of Chloroform—or something like it in its effect upon the human frame—seems, however, to be rather a revival than a discovery. The wily Priests of old knew many things

revealed to us by modern Science; but they were far too cunning to make them generally known. They too often used arts—which were then termed “*dark arts*,” by them if found out by others—the better to play upon the superstitious ignorance of their flocks. Friar Lawrence administered what must have been a sort of chloroform to fair and hapless Juliet, which reduced her to the

“ Likeness of shrunk death.”

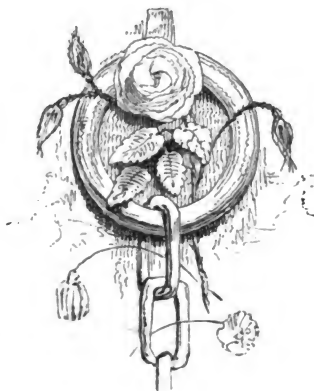
The Science of Phrenology is both wonderful and Poetical, and is a Science well worthy of regard and investigation. What power over his fellow men is possessed by him who understands it, and how often in his passage through life may it not save him from imposition, miscalculation of impulse, and the many pangs of false friendship, and deceived

love, and the bitter sorrows that thickly spring from misreposed confidence. In social life it may make and save for him many friends; and, if he be himself of a sensitive temperament, it may preserve him from the deep vexation of heedlessly and unintentionally chafing a tender spirit. A spirit to whom a word is often the worst of wrongs, and the most lasting source of grief. The Statesman, and especially the Diplomatist, would often find that such a science, well used, might be turned to the vast advantage of whole Nations and Races. And in our journey to the Grave—through this beautiful World—where

“ Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn;”

we might often—when we knew the Nature which we loved to be genuine and true—make great allowance for the variety of tem-

perament and individuality, and by a small effort excite such Organs as we knew would allay or abate the irritation or grief caused by others in a too active state of excitement. Thus the Poetry of Phrenology rests in its great power of good; for it may be made, if justly used by a true man, a Peacemaker, a Guide, and a Consolation.



CHAPTER XI.

The marble pillars are laid in the dust,
The golden shrine and its perfume are gone,
But there are natural temples still for those
Eternal, tho' dethroned Deities. *L. E. L.*

AN INTENDED ESSAY EXPANDED INTO "A LITTLE EARNEST
BOOK."—ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

WHAT we, at first, intended to be but a brief Essay, has gradually grown into a little book; and, from the fact of our feeling earnestly all that we have written, we have deemed ourselves entitled to term it "*A Little Earnest Book.*" We have "said our say" upon the motives of action, and the mental tone, of the true Poet; and upon our idea of what constitutes true Poetry. We have touched upon the Poetry of Science; and now we purpose, after a word or two upon Ancient Poetry, and the influence of

Ancient Poetry, to conclude. We fear that our "Little *Earnest* Book" will be found to lack a proper degree of consecutive order in the consideration of the various phases of "Our great Old Subject;" but we still hope that some few, at least, will be found, who will be sufficiently interested in the general subject itself, to listen to us patiently from the first page to the last.

Poetry has held its sway from the earliest ages of the World; and very often the chief, if not the only, records we have of the infancy of powerful Empires, States, and Nations, is that which reaches us in the shape of Ballad Poetry—half Fable and half Truth. Consider, for instance, that Old Religion, the Heathen Mythology; a religion that we venerate and love even now, because of its exquisite Poetry, and because, *even then*, it produced Heroism in Man, and Virtue in

Woman. With the single exception of true Christianity, properly and largely understood, it is, to our minds, by far the most alluring and Poetical of all Faiths. We confess that we are looking at one side only of the picture.

Every Mountain and every Vale, every Wood and every Plain, every River and the vast Ocean, and wheresoever you might wander throughout Nature; every spot was peopled, and every spot was ready by association to charm, elevate, and delight you; or, if conscience had made you a coward, to warn and control you. Those were the days of "visible Poetry;" and through this Poetical and Philosophical Religion—sincerely and devoutly believed by the Ancients—streams were presided over, houses had their protecting gods, and the social virtues and affections were nourished with solicitous care and veneration. It has been termed, "a Romance full

of Poetry and Passion—a mysterious compound of supernatural wonders, and of human thoughts and feelings.” What deathless renown was won under the influence of that Religion amongst the Greeks of old, history reveals. It is enough, that it is the country of Homer, Phidias, Sophocles, and Æschylus. Dr. Turner has observed, that “it made a solemn Temple of the vast Universe.”

The grace and charm of the following passage from Leigh Hunt has tempted us to quote it. He says—“Imagine the feelings
“with which an ancient believer must have
“gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona, or
“the calm groves of the Eumenides, or the
“fountain where Proserpine vanished under
“ground with Pluto; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was
“the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was
“supposed to be present in person. Imagine

“Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer,
“when he went to study theology and philo-
“sophy at Delphi: with what feelings must
“he not have passed along the woody paths
“of the hill, approaching nearer every instant
“to the presence of the divinity, and not
“sure that a glance of light through the
“trees was not the lustre of the god himself
“going by. This is mere Poetry to us, and
“very fine it is; but to him it was Poetry,
“and Religion, and Beauty, and gravity and
“hushing awe, and a path as from one World
“to another.”

Jupiter was the god of gods, and the ruler
of the World. Neptune presided over the
mighty and glorious Ocean. Venus over
Love and Beauty, aided by the Graces in her
girdle, and the rosy Boy whom she clasps
to her heart. Bacchus bestows upon Man
fancy-creating and heart-upholding Wine.

Diana accompanies the manly and invigorating Chase. Flowers, that gem and glitter in the bright Spring and Summer, upon the rich and teeming lap of bounteous Mother Earth, are the loved and admired tears of Aurora, who is the goddess of Morning. The fresh air which we inhale, and which we now term the breath of God, was *then* the breath of the gentle Zephyrs. The Naiads sigh forth their murmurs across the bosom of the Summer Sea. Ceres watches over the Corn-fields, until they be golden and ripe for the Sickle of the ruddy Husbandmen. Pomona weighs down the freighted boughs of Fruit-trees with a rich and lusty load, and thickly spangles with many colours the bushes and beds beneath and around those trees with varieties of tempting Fruits. Every planet, from the gorgeous and effulgent Sun, and the calm, pale, gentle Moon, to the smallest Star that

glistens, diamond-like, in the vast Heavens, is a divinity. What luxuriant and delightful fancy — what “pleasing errors of the mind” ! What a vast World of charming illusions, which have hitherto, and will unto the end of time, enrich the Literature and Art of every land. What inexhaustible hoards of ideal pleasures, “well fitted to compensate, in a measure, for the real troubles and miseries of the World in which we live.” We can give but small sympathy to a Nature incapable of appreciating such mental riches.

Apollo, the son of mightiest Jupiter, was the god who presided over the divine art of Song or Poesy.

The glorious god of soul-upraising Song
To whom the lays of all the World belong
For evermore.

We cannot better close our observations upon the poetry of the Ancient Mytho-

logy, than with the following beautiful lines from Coleridge's wonderful translation of "Wallenstein."

"For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;

Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have
vanished;

They live no longer in the faith of Reason!"



CHAPTER XII.

Its presence shall uplift the thoughts from Earth,
As to the sunshine, and the pure bright air,
Their tops the green trees lift. *Longfellow.*

GENERAL CONCLUSION, CONTAINING "FLOW YE ON, FOR
EVER FLOW," A POEM.

IN conclusion, we reiterate our firm belief and conviction, that true Poetry has an elevating and ever-increasing influence—like a soul-upraising Fountain of pure glory—that has permeated the World since Creation. We reiterate our faith in the immensely preponderating *practical* good, achieved by the Ideal, over that which has resulted from the Actual. We reiterate our faith in the Godliness of true and Philosophical Poetry, and yearn to live in that condition of spirit indicated by Coleridge, in the paragraph upon *Universal Existence* which we have quoted.

The eloquence and grandeur of the poetical mind is for ever asserting its triumphs around us, singing its holy and enchanting Songs, and calling up mental visions of the God-given immortality, amidst the dawning ecstasies of which our souls are destined to dwell—after the death of Desire—in eternal and absolutely everlasting Peace!

All that the Ideal soul thinks, of an elevating tone and character, is Poetry. All that bright spirit's deepest and most intense sentiments, affections and feelings, are Poetry. All its sublime Heroism is Poetry; and the high mental lights of each past and swiftly passing age, burn for evermore in the mind's heaven. How often will one generic touch of natural genius fire the universal mind, and thus—as well as the Philosophic contemplation of Nature and Existence—prove to the thoughtful soul that the spirit of true Poetry

is ubiquitous. We are as convinced of the truth of what we state, as we are certain of the Immortality of Thought, and the Supremacy of Love! The dreams of the Poet are often truths of import, the full beauties of which are partly veiled by the impossibility of imparting to them adequate expression within the compass of language.

Poets are the crownless Kings of Earth; and to such Kings we bow with willing rapture, and bend low with mental worship. Their dominion is not over a Nation, or a Race, but over the whole World! Their subjects, the Human Race; and their reign from the commencement of their power to the end of all time. What majestic Monarchs—these crownless and deathless Kings! In their universal realms of Fancy and of Thought, the only chains they use are the moral chains of Conscience; and their irresistible and

irrepressible power is entirely spiritual and unembodied. The Poet-monarchs are the only earthly rulers in whom we can directly trace the Divine; and their Palace—the enchanted palace of the Mind—is founded upon illimitable Thought. They are the only Monarchs whose Faith is pure, and whose deeds are holy. All they utter possesses, from the instant of its utterance, an undying spirit-life, and is breathed for evermore amongst men; soaring on its way through Time upon the radiant wings of Truth.

The Poet's Temple is the Universe, and amidst its mysterious loveliness he pours forth from his full heart those best of prayers—the holy thoughts *we feel*! He can, in those ecstatic moments of gentle community with his God, rob even the ever-yawning grave of its triumph; for to his quickened and soothed imagination, God is even *there*! We seem,

for a time, to lose in such abstract and solitary musings our physical existence; and it is only when half returned, as it were, to consciousness, and we begin to ponder upon the glory of dwelling beyond the brilliant stars which sparkle with such a clear and gentle peace, far far above our heads, that we feel—ah, doubly feel—that the aspiring soul still dwells within its shackled house of clay, and is bound down again to Earth by its ever recurring requisitions and desires. Sacred moments such as these—too sacred to be partaken of with us by any mortals but a Mother or a Wife—are those in which the holy fountains of the heart best open in streams of most unburdening relief. That Poet who can best awaken sympathy, and make us feel in thought the most, is he who shall most surely teach us, that in worshipping a true human spirit we are free from all idolatry, as we are really

worshipping the God in Man. He must have great power, in our day, who can raise the mind and rule the heart of the Nation—a position distinct from mere popularity.

Mankind may still go on, neglecting while in life the brilliant Sons of deathless Song; refusing faith in that great priceless heritage, they leave to Time, but still the Poet *cannot* cease to sing. The Martyrs' and the Heroes' deeds will still find their best chronicle in Song; and Love, and Faith, and Hope shall still be therein best upheld on Earth. Philosophy, with her calm eyes and intellectual brow, shall take her noblest flights in verse; and often shall pronounce, with her sweet voice, her pitying disdain of those poor souls who bend the knee to Baal. The Poet has far more, and keener, woes than other men; and from his deepest sorrows often spring his highest and most universal Songs; but

then he has such ecstasies sometimes, as are unknown to men who love a *Golden age* : as when Hope's Angel visits his tried spirit, and brings to him a radiant glimpse of a desireless paradise, in thought. Sometimes his dreaming fancy mounts, and he will strive to fashion in his thought what place that God, whom he does feel, in his full Faith, is everywhere Himself, has destined as the everlasting home of mortal souls. One great conviction, that can often light his life in time, is the sure knowledge that—

“Earth's poesy is never dead.”

Keep young, keep young the heart; else the wise head is little worth. Oh! let not that grow callous, seared, or old. If hearts could e'er grow cold in Heaven, could there be everlasting love? Be generous even to folly, and you are still more wise—oh, far more wise—than any narrow, cautious man

on Earth; and if you should want, from your generosity, why you shall want far less than he who holds each luxury within his tightened grasp. As from small streams and rivers spring large Seas, so the Poet knows that drops of sympathy may spread to Oceans of delight. The weighty dower of Thought and Fancy, which the Poet holds, it was ordained, should be a lasting joy and glory to mankind. The language of the Angels, it is bright to Fancy, may be Poetry in music;—a joyful language of communion, uttered in the most harmonious strains of peaceful ecstasy!

Our hope beyond the grave, if we could always master our feelings by our thoughts, *should* add a double beauty to existence before it, and make us strive to learn as much of God as possible, by the study and the contemplation of the beauties and wonders of His Creation.

"Flow ye on, for ever flow."

Flow ye on, for ever flow, ye streams of Thought
and Fancy clear ;

Streams that are to souls of Poets, than life's very
self more dear !

He who can from your bright waters, for the good
of men translate ;

Daphneian laurels shall receive as his immortal
crown of state.

His ambitions may seem doomèd, and his hopes
may blighted be,

He, through Time's oppressive mists, an immor-
tality can see !

And amidst neglect and sorrow, such as Poets
mostly know,

Do they plant those flowers—the sweetest—that
in Time's rich garland blow.

As in some high mountain ravine bursts to life a
little spring,

Which unto the plains below it doth their life and
beauty bring ;

So the Poet sheds about him, far from where he sits
apart,

Imagination's truths ideal, and the glories of the
heart !

And those purest Thoughts and Feelings, from his
lofty brain that flow,

Bear along a Life and Beauty, as a-down the World
they go.

Leander-like, for Love or Truth, he'd buffet any
wave-torn Sea—

The harvest of the Poet's love he looks for in
Eternity !

Love, on Earth, to many a Poet, is a transient
madness made ;

A thing of beauty in his soul, that ever from his
sight doth fade.

And if all hope of Earthly love be banished from
the Poet's breast,

It upward, like a Mountain mist, doth Heavenward
go to seek its rest.

Still, when he of Love doth dream, and his o'er-
pulsèd heart doth sigh,

He hears, as from above it were, steal on his sense
Love's melody !

Ever when he thinks of Love, a sweet low music
seems to be ;

Like Arion's lyre divine, that charmed the mons-
ters of the Sea.

All things that can raise mankind, or starward turn
a single eye,

Have from him his brain's bright labour, or his
heart's most tender sigh ;

For his Ideal, and not the Real, is the True both
Now and Then—

It is the blissful Heaven that God has surely
promised unto men.

The Poet's mission is to reveal the mighty world of light within his great soul to the World without, displaying in all its magnificence, the Beauty of the Universe, and cleansing the Worldly soul—as much as in him lay—from its dusty and degrading trammels. He declares and proclaims to those grovellers who grope through their days with downcast eyes, that if they will but raise those eyes, they shall behold a surpassing glory above them, which is redolent of its heavenly and Almighty Designer! He declares to the astonished listener, that as sure as the Beautiful is a truth, so also the Cloud-land and Dreamland of the Poet are truths,—are whole realms of truths,—and he offers him entrance to those charmed realms, of which he alone among men is possessed of the power to reveal their boundlessness, their glory, and their Peace!

Life shall possess to many a new interest, and a fresh hope, if they will calm their spirits, and enter into the almost sacred inner worlds, which the great spirits of time have built up. These worlds are airy and impalpable, yet boundless and imperishable; and contain the deepest in thought, the most brilliant in fancy, the most tender in feeling, and the most lofty spirituality which the mind of man has created in its purest genius, or recorded in insufficient language. Like Orpheus of old, the true poet,—at once preacher, priest, and prophet, — at once interpreter, combiner, and anticipator, — sustains and cheers the suffering and the weak, and, by the reasoning denunciations of his imaginative teaching, gradually subdues to his will timeborn wrong and mere might. The Poets of old declared—what every Poet's heart has felt—that the Real is not the True.

We have addressed ourselves throughout chiefly to those who are lovers of the eternal laws of Nature, haters of Conventionality, and warm admirers of Apollo's lyre, when struck by the hand of a true soul. To those who have a yearning after spiritual life and light, and who delight in watching the footsteps of those who do tread—even if they themselves cannot—the starry paths of Immortal Poetry!



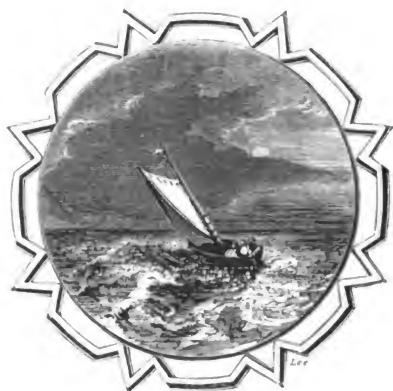
THE
STORY OF THE POET LOVER;

An Outline.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

"BY OUR OWN SPIRITS ARE WE DEIFIED."

Wordsworth.

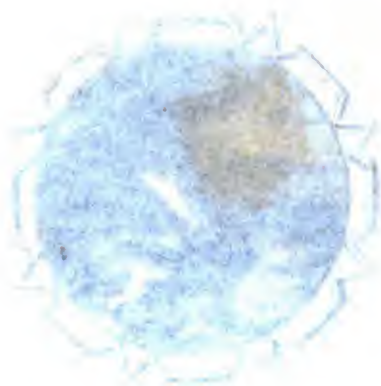


MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

"A little fishing-boat was gliding, like a black shadow or ghost of itself, across the exquisite shimmering of silver light cast by the Moon in one long streak upon the Sea."

VER.

in



THE
STORY OF THE POET LOVER.

CHAPTER I.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As the vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise. *Shakspeare*

THE STORY OF THE POET LOVER, containing " LINES UPON
A MAGDALEN BY GUIDO." — " WHERE ON THE HOLY
SABBATH MORN." — " TO HER IN HEAVEN ;" a *Bullad*.

THE foundation of the brief love-story
which we are about to relate, we
heard—from the lips of one who knew the
parties—when travelling on the Northern
coast of England, during the Autumn of 1846.

It proves that the truly poetical mind in
all climes, and at all periods, ever has been
and still is the same. Many a simple love-
tale, as intense and absorbing in interest as

but of honourable and once noble family—although he, like a true man, regarded only the nobleness of individual soul as worthy of respect. He was a man of some literary celebrity, and of a literary taste of the highest order. What wonder then, that being such a man, and often meeting this family, both at their own hotel and at the hotels of others, what wonder then, that a rapid, fervent, and most rare affection, soon drew together, in a bond that no power on Earth could sever, these two young and beautiful hearts.

Their meetings gave them frequent opportunities of quiet conversation, and the musical accents of his well-tuned voice, gently reading harmonious and burning tributary lays to her spirit and her beauty, soon made him the monarch of her gentle, pure, and trusting heart. If she were fond of a work of art he

would give her a memory of it in verse, like the following "Lines," upon a Painting, the gentle expression of which had charmed her.

Lines on a Magdalen, by Guido.

THE holy agony of that sad soul

All calmly pleads through those religious eyes;
The bleeding heart, o'erfilled with boundless love

For hope to God, the eternal Father, flies.

The modest, parted lips, upturned in prayer,

A world of patient resignation speak.

The spirit, consolation having won,

O'erflows in grateful tears, most heavenly meek.

Entranced I gaze in loving ecstasy;

A history is told in that one look.

O wondrous effort of the human mind!

The painter's brush hath writ a mighty book;

O Guido, hero of thy deathless art,

Thy inspiration springeth from the heart!

Their love was of that enthralling nature,
which, when baffled in this world, can turn
with a trusting Christian faith, and aspiring
hope, to an everlasting communion of souls

in an Eternal heaven of love. Think, reader, what might and power must dwell in a love that is above life itself.

The parents, slow to note the quick advance of this most natural and likely love, were struck when they once discovered it, with that peculiar surprise which amongst easy elderly people is by no means uncommon. They had—poor simple souls—as they termed it, “selected a suitable match for her.” With the ignorance of human nature common to secluded country life, they had long had an ambition to unite their child to a wealthy cousin, and had determined, at all hazards, not to be disappointed.

“Leaving to her own soul, nor faculties, nor power,
To make her own election.”

Prior to their leaving Paris, and soon after they had discovered the attachment, they wrung from their daughter and her lover a

solemn promise, that for one year from that time they should neither meet nor communicate by letter or otherwise. If, at the expiration of that period, they both remained fully alive in heart to their present strength of feeling for each other, the matter was to be reconsidered.

This agreement was concluded, and every earnest remonstrance by the most interested parties had been made without avail. To their young and impatient spirits twelve long months—with an Autumn of fading nature and falling leaves, and a drear winter of pall-like snows and moaning winds before their spring of hope could arrive—seemed a vast gulf of time too long to contemplate. Yet, from what I heard, such high honour was a part of the natures of both, that—the vow once made—no communication whatever took place.

The old people, who narrowly watched their daughter, began secretly to chuckle at what they supposed to be their wisdom, and they soon soothed themselves with the too common belief, that so long a silence as a whole year, with its many and varied events, having passed, "the affair," in thought and purpose, might be considered to have ceased.

But, alas! the new world of love and hope, only a few short months ago first entered, had been too suddenly left, and the saddened spirit too much tried. In spite of the unspeakable relief of many bitter tears shed in loneliness, time would not have made such a change in years. As the dreary winter months stole slowly on, she had gradually grown paler and paler, and by the spring the fresh colour of a year ago had passed away. The melancholy paleness of her countenance, if possible, enhanced her beauty.

It gave to her face an expression of spirituality, which to the eye of the Poet immeasurably surpasses any mere beauty of feature.

I never heard from my fair informant anything concerning the intellectual measure of this young girl; but, from circumstances, I conclude she was one of those *Desdemona*-like natures which so well commingle with that of the literary or poetical student. Ever intensely womanly, and gentle—living in the being whom they love more than in themselves—but still possessing sufficient mind to constantly cheer the labours, and warmly admire the productions of their soul's idol. An atmosphere of sensitive grace lives ever in the presence of such creatures, and they make life of double value, for they sanctify and purify love. A true Imagination is sure to refine Passion. *Look to this kind of nature well, ye men of letters!*

We believe hers to have been one of those high natures, supremely safe in their own purity and virtue, and, therefore, ever ready to console the wretched, and to administer hope to the abased and sinning. With such natures their actions are their sermons, and they prove far better than words the gentleness and beauty of virtue.

During their separation, her lover had wandered rapidly about from scene to scene, and from land to land, in the vain hope of finding that repose of feeling which he so much needed. His soul was full of but one image, and Petrarch-like, his only consolation was in Song. His high honour struggled successfully against his natural and constant impellings to break his vow. Neither, however, allowed for an instant a doubt of the constancy of the other to take root, and shake the full faith they rested in each other.

CHAPTER II.

Love reigneth in cot, in palace, and hall;
Love beginneth with breath,
Ending not *e'en* in death.
Love!
Love!!
Thou art ruler of all!

THE year has past! He has, without intimation of his intent, arrived in the village, at a late hour of the first evening after the expiration of their fixed period of separation. His strong fears about her health have already been in a measure allayed by the villagers.

“We very rarely see her now, bless her, and never without the old lady and gentleman be with her; but the last time I did see her she certainly was paler,” said one old man, in answer to earnest inquiries. Then thronged upon his fancy doubts about those

whose mercenary hearts had already once divided them; and thinking thus, he restlessly paced the beach of the quiet and peaceful bay.

The bright Moon was up, and with her clear soft eyes looked gently down, as she rode calmly along the glittering face of night. Her influence was soothing to the worn heart of the wearied traveller, and quieted, in a measure, his fears and doubts. How delightful to one who is in trouble is the contemplation of a fresh moonlight night! The soft air of the lovely summer night came floating from off the breast of the still sea, and aided the influence of the Moon in cooling his feverish frame.

As he strolled along the beach, the murmuring Ocean made soft music to his ear, as she gently kissed the shore and then slowly retired, with a reverie-inducing sound. All



JUST BEFORE SUNRISE.

"He stood pensively looking out across the calm, solemn, black waters, that lay stretched far out on all sides before him."

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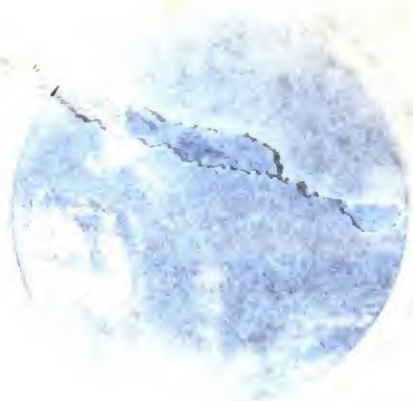
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around was peaceful, but his spirit, in its unquiet and agitated state, had little in harmony with such a scene. A little fishing-boat was gliding, like a black shadow or ghost of itself, across the exquisite shimmering of silver thread-like light cast by the Moon in one long streak upon the sea. We are fond of watching the moonbeams, bathing in the waters in one line of brilliance, from the far-off horizon to our very feet. What blessed realms of peace does Heaven seem to hold, upon a moonlight night.

He retired to the neat little village inn, rather to recline in a state of half-wakeful dreaming, than really to sleep. Before day had yet dawned upon the curtained village, and ere the Sun had yet peeped over the Eastern hills, again was he out impatiently awaiting the rising of the king of day. He stood pensively looking out across the calm,

solemn, black waters, that lay stretched far out on all sides before him. How, as the probable hour drew near, her image seemed yet with double force to cling around his heart for all succour in the present, and hope in the future!

Who that has loved has not felt that Heaven itself would be no paradise if *earthly* love was not destined to find its reunion and abode therein; and who that has returned to wander over scenes sacred to the cherished memories of tender affection, has not been convinced how much a sentiment and a scene are one; and how great is the influence of the sense of sight over the delights and regrets of the heart. Doubt and Fear are proofs of Hope; and if it were not so, how should we, who *feel* that Love is eternal, account for the fretfulness and impatience of a loving heart?

He longed once again to behold her, and enjoy direct communion with her. Oh Time! how in a few brief months of crossed love, when one heart is resigned entirely to another, dost thou leave thy potent traces upon the spirit, and thy plain marks upon the frame. Oh Heaven! how long shall man's poor wealth be weighed against true wealth of soul? When will the old, who may be bent upon trafficking with some finely-tempered young heart, remember early love!

He soon learnt that the parents were still inexorable, and contrived—through the assistance of one of the domestics—to secure several stolen meetings in rapid succession. We need only revert at length, to the occasion on which they were last seen together.

It was a lovely summer evening, and many of the villagers saw them strolling, locked arm-in-arm, along the sea shore. He was ever

fond of the sea; for to the mind of the Poet, nothing in Nature so convinces his soul of the grandeur, beauty, and vastness of Creation, as the mighty Ocean. Verily, a contemplation of the Ocean, *makes one feel* GOD the Omnipotent and Omnipresent. During this last walk, they whispered of lasting love, and indulged in the brightest dreams of future hope; and there, as they sauntered along, the breath of two lives mingled in one stream.

In the offing might be seen a neat-run, white-sailed, private yacht; and the lovers had decided, that—

“Walking the waters like a thing of life.”

the little vessel should bear them far away from those who understood not their natures—for ever! The associations and memories of childhood made the decision a struggle for her; but Love, overwhelming all other thoughts, triumphed!

Alas! it was not to be. A spy, who had been watching them for days, discovered their well-arranged plan of elopement. The old people were quickly informed, and when their daughter returned home, they upbraided her, and in spite of many tears, refused to allow her again to walk abroad; and also firmly refused to see her lover. She would, doubtless, have managed, in spite of all obstacles, to have joined him, but a sudden illness confined her entirely to her chamber. Oh God! that all this great amount of human love and affection should have been vain, and between such spotless souls.

At first her illness did not appear to be of a serious nature; but those who saw her that evening, at her open window, gazing fixedly through the summer air up at the blue heavens, with such sad bright sorrowing eyes, and marble features—her soft ringlets slightly

fanned back from her white cheeks—declare that they never shall or can forget *that look!* In two days more she became deranged, and the physician informed them that she was suffering from a sudden and violent attack of brain-fever, and that little hope remained that her life could be saved. He suggested, however, that the gentleman to whom she was so sincerely attached should be brought to her bed-side, in the hope that the cherished tones of his voice might at least recall her to consciousness. As a last chance to save their child, these narrow-souled and weakly-wicked parents consented. He came, and the trial commenced; but for many hours she continued to rave about him in wild and harmonious madness of song, and then exhaustion ensued—it was too late! she had but a few moments of consciousness; and with an angelic smile, she rested her beautiful head against his heart;

and sighing forth these words—" *We, dearest, soon shall meet !*" she gently glided into death.

When that bright and tender spirit had winged its way from this chequered *existence* to its more kindred home, the true paradise, where alone is to be found *life !* the wretched parents—feeling now the full force of their own crime—endured that unutterable woe, which longs for but fears death. Oh ! they had severed two most rare and precious souls ; and now that their only child was dead, they craved and supplicated forgiveness of the man whom they had too long spurned. They loaded him with kindness, and sought—a fresh proof of inconsistency and ignorance—to find consolation *here* for such a spirit as his. All their own load of anguish they well deserved. Thus were prospects, naturally so sunny and bright in this world, darkened

over with the heavy clouds of avarice and conventionality.

A beautiful little country church-yard, standing upon a grassy eminence, exists about two miles eastward of the village, and nearly the same distance from any of man's habitations. It is a peaceful, lonely, solemn resting-place; and wondrously still. It stands amidst waving corn-fields and verdant meadows, and is fanned by the light Sea breezes.

~~Where~~ that pure form doth rest.

WHERE, on the holy Sabbath morn,
The mellow turret-bell
Calls only simple country folks,
Who know no townly hell;
Where, through the lips, the true heart speaks,
In hymns to God address—
So quiet and sacred is the spot
Where that pure form doth rest.



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THE VILLAGE CHURCH

"A beautiful little country Church-yard, standing upon a grassy eminence, exists about two miles eastward of the Village. It is a peaceful, lonely, solemn resting-place; and wondrously still."

Where, at the stilly hour of night,
The clear-eyed moon looks through,
Casting fantastic shadows there,
On grass and gravestone too ;
Bedecking with its silver light
The brooklet's crimped breast—
That trilleth lowly by the spot
Where that pure form doth rest.

It is a most meet resting-place for the good dead ; and there her lover has erected a beautiful sculptured tomb, exquisite in design, and of the purest white marble.

The figures above the tomb represent an angel clasping the form of a young and lovely girl to her heart with one arm, while with the other she points to heaven. The girl herself is kneeling upon one knee, with upraised hands and upturned eyes.

Beneath the figures, upon a tablet bearing neither name nor date, is appended the following touching Poem, finishing with her last words—

To Her in Heaven.

I NEVER more thy hand may clasp,
Or read thy love-lit eye ;
The soul that late I seemed to grasp,
Is now—beyond the sky.

I never more may thirsting drink
The music of thy tongue ;
Those tender tones for ever gone—
For ever—and so young !

The Sun can shine no more for me,
Earth's beauty, too, is dead ;
Since to that holy spirit-land
Thy blessed soul hath fled.

I have, *now*, nothing left to love,
Time holds no love for me ;
For all my full heart had to give,
My Soul, I gave to thee.

How absolutely desolate !—
To live, is full of fears.
My anguish is too desert-like,
To find a well of tears.

I feel thou hast a better home,
A home where all is fair ;
Nor wish that thou should'st come to me,
But long to join thee *there* !

A home where woe, and doubt, and fear,
Alike for ever cease ;
Where all is undefinable
And never-ending Peace.

Pray for me where thou art, sweet love,
Pray for me at His feet ;
And so thou pray as I would wish—
“ *We, dearest, soon shall meet.*”

Some few months after she had been mournfully consigned to her early grave, they heard of *his* death far off in the South of France. When he left the village the parents were in that state of melancholy inanity, which is more akin to living death than to life. Thus had Mammon—the modern god of man’s idolatry—stept in, and with his cold and giant hand crushed the life from out these two warm young hearts; as the biting frosts of early Spring too often stop the life of bright young flowers.

We might easily have coined from our brain a story of more plot and interest; but we prefer to give this relation founded upon our own knowledge. It well illustrates the dreadful results that may spring from an attempt at conventional match-making, where the highly imaginative or poetical heart is concerned. It is one of our modern "Battles of Life" —

"THE STORY OF THE POET LOVER."



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